MAY 8 1939

The New Statesman and Nation PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.

THE CONSCRIPTION ISSUE

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVII. No. 427 (New Series) SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 633
LABOUR AND COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE . . 636
THE BOMB EXPLOSIONS 637
A LONDON DIARY 638
THIS ENGLAND 640
RETROSPECT. By Kingsley Martin 640
PROTECTION OR ACCOMMODATION? By B. Lubetkin 642
BLUEBELLS. By Y. Y. 644
SEEDS OF LOVE. By Sagittarius. 645
CÉZANNE WILL TAKE THE COLLECTION. By Graham Bell 645
JUNGLE-RED NAILS. By Desmond MacCarthy . 646
THE MOVIES. By Peter Galway 647
PLAYS AND PICTURES 647
CORRESPONDENCE 649
From G. L. Schwartz; P. Lamartine Yates; Harry Broadbent; Margaret I. Cole; Muriel Nelson; H. Townshend Rose; Prof. Bernal and others
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . Page 651
REVIEWS:
Hart Crane and Others. By G. W. Stonier . . 652
New Novels. By Anthony West 652
Strength of the Powers. By Tom Wintringham 654
The German Emigration. By Brian Howard . 656
In the Distance. By John Lehmann . . . 657
Queen Victoria. 658
The Rock 658
SHORTER NOTICES 660
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson . . . 660
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 662
CROSSWORD 664
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 666

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WE need not bother about the tone of Hitler's speech. The important question is the nature of the loopholes he leaves open. The British Government's actions during the last few days are only explicable as a confused effort to persuade him that we are serious and also willing for full discussions on a peaceful basis of all outstanding questions. We wish these efforts were more impressive. Mr. Chamberlain's replies in the House about Russia suggested no great enthusiasm, and that is much the most vital point. How far the negotiations have gone we may know better when Mr. Maisky brings back his report from Moscow. We cannot take very seriously the reports that things are going well in the Rumanian conversations unless Rumania is induced to accept full Russian help. Unless that condition is forthcoming Hitler is unlikely to be deterred by our pact and the Rumanians unlikely to hold out. A sudden instalment of conscription is rushed through, apparently to convince Hitler that we mean what we say. We hope it does so, but we fear the effect will be weakened by Sir Nevile Henderson's return to Berlin. Other influences may count more with the Führer. Mussolini, realising that he will be one of the first victims in a war, is believed to be urging a policy of peaceful pressure, and the General Staffs of both Axis Powers are said to agree that war would be too great a risk, at least until after the harvest. We hope the Führer also realises that war would end his regime as well as destroy Europe. Hitler has been collecting debating points by asking a number of countries whether they feel themselves menaced in the way that President Roosevelt suggests. The best answer perhaps came from Rumania, which said that it did not feel menaced by its immediate neighbours, but then Germany was not one of them. It is a tragedy that at this critical moment we have not a national leader to make a proclamation to the frightened peoples all over the world, and particularly to the German people, which would reinforce Mr. Roosevelt's message. Our Government ought to appeal to the world for a new Peace Conference before the war instead of waiting until after it.

The Budget

In a week in which political news has been overshadowed by the announcement of conscription, the presentation of a Budget balanced nominally at £942 millions, but including an additional £380 millions of expenditure to be financed by borrowing, has occasioned little stir. The fact that nobody really knows whether £1,322 millions (as provisionally estimated) or £1,500 millions will actually be

spent this year, nor how many tax-payers will be alive next year to find the money, gives this exercise in astronomic arithmetic a certain unreality. Motorists, heavy smokers and surtax victims are grumbling; but, by general consent, the tax-payer has been let off fairly lightly. By refraining from any increase in the standard rate of income-tax or N.D.C., Sir John Simon has indicated that he intends to rely on the buoyancy of "pump-primed" revenue helping to solve in part his future problems. It is difficult to quarrel seriously with his policy of steering a course between taxation and borrowing. His projected deficit of £380 millions will carry the country some way along the road to inflation, but there is considerable "slack" which can yet be taken up before full employment of available labour and plant is reached. On a short view there is little solid ground for complaint against the Chancellor's finance. Hitler calls the tune—fortissimo; the piper's bill is heavy and is met by mortgaging, to a not unreasonable degree, the future. What is to be the end of it, nobody can say. The distinction between recurrent and non-recurrent expenditure, so far as borrowing is concerned, appears to have been entirely submerged. The disquieting feature of Sir John's speech was the absence of any indication that he appreciates the implications of "near war" economic policy.

Deficits and Their Moral

The Government still apparently assumes that we can finance armaments expenditure at the rate (in view of conscription) of probably £700 millions a year—borrowing about two-thirds of that sum—without fundamental reconstruction of our economic life. The assumption is singularly ill-founded. It is not that the necessity of guns means that as a nation we must forgo "butter" in the sense of curtailing social services or accepting as inevitable a general lowering of the standard of life. But it is clear that the Government cannot raise by loan and expend annually a sum equivalent to nearly the whole of the nation's savings without profound disturbance in the price level and in our balance of foreign payments if "business as usual" is to prevail in our demoplutocracy. The imposition of mildly deterrent taxes on motors, tobacco and films is mere tinkering with the problem. If shortages of labour and material are to be avoided there must be a planned augmentation of our industrial capacity; and the prime need in coping with the problem of the sterling exchange is to grow more food on acres which private ownership has allowed to become derelict. The challenge of totalitarian States can ultimately be met only by equally efficient organisation on Socialist lines. It cannot be met by *laisser-faire* individualism, in which consumers' luxury demand is allowed to compete for capital and labour with munitions production, and no serious effort is made to conscript and mobilise wealth for the nation's purposes.

Co-ordination Needed

It is not merely in its financial policy that the Government seems to cling fatalistically to the hope that normality can be more or less maintained even in semi-war conditions. The same reluctance to interfere with profit-making individual enterprise is shown in all directions. Under pressure, a Ministry of Supply is established; but it is apparently to have no power to control the volume of civil work which firms may undertake or to ensure that expansions of plant are commensurate with prospective needs. The profitable game of "munitioneering," provided costs are camouflaged by a network of sub-contracts given to associated enterprises will continue unabated. A mission headed by a distinguished Civil Servant is dispatched in leisurely fashion to Rumania where possibilities are being explored of increasing Anglo-Rumanian trade as a check to Germany's economic encroachment. But in the case of Rumania and equally the other countries recently visited by Mr. Hudson, it is apparently assumed that individual British traders, backed possibly with some additional export credit facilities, can compete with the foreign trade mechanism of the Reich—a mechanism in which a single authority, with ability to take immediate decisions, acts as seller and buyer in one. This is a delusion. Germany gains ground in Rumania, while in London a departmental quarrel goes on between the Foreign Office, anxious to assist potential allies, and the Treasury, whose view is that £10 millions are "plenty for the Balkans."

Putting the Screw on Jugoslavia

The efforts of the Axis Powers to nobble Jugoslavia have been resolutely pursued. The meeting at Venice between M. Marcovitch and Count Ciano was reported both in the German and the Italian press in a jubilant tone; but we know nothing definite about the agreement, if any, that was arrived at, and there is reason to believe that the Nazi Government is by no means satisfied with the result of these talks. M. Marcovitch has since gone to Berlin to be entertained and encouraged—that is to say, intimidated—by Herr von Ribbentrop and the Führer. He is obviously in an exceedingly difficult position, politically and geographically. His powerful neighbours can ply him with bribes or threats, or both, and Hungary and Bulgaria, hankering after the recovery of lost territories and populations, have to be reckoned as dangerous factors. The democratic Powers are remote from Jugoslavia, and can be represented with some plausibility as impotent to give her any sure guarantees. It would, of course, be quite another matter if there were a solid bloc of states on the east and the south—Turkey, Greece, Rumania and Russia—united with the western Powers, and it is precisely for that reason that the screw is being put on so hard to tie Jugoslavia to the Axis without delay. So far M. Marcovitch has managed to keep his seat on the fence; but any day now we may see him cajoled or pushed off it.

The Far East

The Chinese offensive has continued, though the pace seems to have slowed down during the past week. The Japanese official reports belittle the Chinese claims, and some go so far as to declare that the "big push" is petering out. On the other hand, they admit "strategic withdrawals" at various points, and there is no denying the moral effects of the offensive and the widespread stiffening of China's resistance. Meanwhile, the Tokio Government is being pressed by its Axis friends in Europe—and more particularly in Berlin—who are anxious to develop the "friendship" into a military alliance. The Japanese are by no means eager for that, and it appears indeed that the majority of the Cabinet, as well as of the Diet, are opposed to it. Its supporters are mainly in Army

circles; whilst the Navy regards such a policy much more dubiously, particularly in view of President Roosevelt's plainly declared attitude and the dispatch of the American fleet to the Pacific. Outside the fighting services, too, there is unmistakable evidence that popular opinion in Japan is averse to any quarrel with America and to commitments on behalf of European Fascism. We write before Hitler's speech to the Reichstag; but the odds are that, as the *Times* correspondent in Tokio puts it, "he will be unable to say that Japan will fight the Axis battles in the Pacific."

France Abolishes the Forty-hour Week

M. Reynaud proceeds with his drastic measures of economic regulation by decree. The decrees issued last week-end contain new drastic provisions for the better assessment of income tax on the well-to-do, limitation of profits in the armaments industries to a maximum of 10 per cent., together with a special tax on all profits over 6 per cent., and a special "armaments" tax of 1 per cent. on all forms of business turnover, except bread, milk and newspapers. At the same time more of the work of the Front Populaire is undone. All State investments in private industry are to be liquidated; and this presumably includes the aircraft and other arms factories reorganised by M. Cot and his colleagues. The 40-hour week is completely abolished in favour of a 45-hour week, after which overtime is to be paid at only 5 per cent. above the standard hourly rates. The public services are to be further "combed out," and public works restricted yet again. In effect, France has moved at once further towards a war economy and further back towards capitalist orthodoxy.

The New Australian Cabinet

Mr. Menzies has formed his Government in Australia entirely from the party in which he has succeeded Mr. Lyons as leader. The absence of the Country Party was inevitable after Sir Earle Page's violent personal attack on Mr. Menzies; and accordingly the new Government is without a majority and can be turned out whenever the Country Party chooses to bring it to an end by voting with the Labour Party against it. It is, however, doubtful whether either of these parties will want to force a General Election in the near future, and it is possible that, despite Sir Earle Page, enough of the Country Party members will support Mr. Menzies to enable him to carry on. Presumably the social insurance legislation, over which Mr. Menzies recently resigned from the Lyons Government, will now be carried through in its modified form, despite the Country Party's opposition; and no doubt Mr. Menzies counts on substantial support from the Country Party for his national defence proposals. But for the present the Government is bound to be somewhat weak and to depend on its success in playing off the two other parties against each other and on the widespread reluctance to force a political crisis just now.

Spinsters' Pensions

The report of the Committee on Spinsters' Pensions brings out the difficulties of dealing with the reform of the existing insurance schemes by patchwork legislation. It would cost about £4,400,000 a year at the outset to give unmarried women pensions at 55 instead of 65; but, as the Committee points out, this could hardly be done without conceding similar pensions to wives of pensioners, and if this were done the initial cost would be over £14 millions. The report rebuts the claim put forward on behalf of the spinsters that they are paying well over £4 millions a year in contributions and receiving only about £1,600,000 in benefits, on the ground that it is unfair to reckon all contributions paid by those who are spinsters at the time of payment as earmarked for those who remain spinsters, and that in fact the latter group receive substantially more than it pays. In truth, the spinsters' case is only part of a wider case for bringing down the pension age for all classes of contributors—at all events, on condition of retirement from industry. But we are inclined to think that the first claim upon the insurance scheme should be rather for an increase in health insurance benefit, so as to bring it up to the level of unemployment insurance, and that pensions, important as they are, rank after this primary need.

Obstacle to Mountains Bill

The Daily Herald has acclaimed as a "triumph" the carrying on its third reading of the Access to Mountains Bill. And so it is, only the triumph is for the landowners. As originally drafted, the Bill was to give walkers access to uncultivated land on mountain, moor and coast. A not unreasonable modification accepted by the ramblers' organisations provided that where it could be shown that the interest of the owner would be injuriously affected as the result of access, the Minister of Agriculture should (after due notice and the holding of a local inquiry) restrict access to those areas during certain seasons of the year. In other words, the right of access being in general granted, special machinery had to be set in motion to obtain its withdrawal in a particular case. But the House has made drastic changes. There is now no general right of access and it is only after costly and cumbersome machinery has been set going that the Minister may at his discretion grant access in certain specific areas. No limits are assigned in the Bill to the restrictions and conditions which a Minister may impose, and it is only too likely, as the Bill now stands, that the moors in the Peak District may be closed during precisely those seasons of the year when the closely-penned populations of Manchester and Sheffield have most need of them. More disastrous still is the introduction of a trespass clause. People are not to be prosecuted under the Bill if they trespass *unintentionally*. The implication is obvious. It means that for the first time in English history the announcement "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted" will tell the truth.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Next week's literary supplement will include a poem by G. W. Stonier, and a story by Ethel Wilson. There will be reviews by J. L. Hammond, E. Sackville West, Richard Church, K. John, Stephen Spender, Leonard Woolf, John Lehmann, Raymond Postgate, E. G. Boulenger.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, ½d.

LABOUR AND COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE

ON what grounds have the Government which declared for voluntary service only a few weeks ago suddenly turned to the compulsory principle? Apparently on two grounds. First it wants to impress both Hitler and our allies with the belief that Great Britain's recent declarations and guarantees are not bluff. Naturally it finds this difficult. Having played the pro-Fascist game in Europe for seven years it has brought this country into the gravest danger, and now at the last minute it has collected together a strange gallimaufry of allies to defend the last ditch. Even while doing so it throws serious doubts on its own sincerity; Mr. Chamberlain hedges about the alliance with the U.S.S.R. without which our alliances with Poland and Rumania are absurd; and, after withdrawing Sir Nevile Henderson from Berlin as a protest, it sends him back, with the natural result of renewing doubts amongst our friends in the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.

The second argument is technical. In spite of what it said only a few weeks ago, the Government now holds that though plenty of men are ready to volunteer for the Territorials, it cannot fill the ranks of the Regular Army or quickly prepare a Territorial army for foreign service without compulsion. This argument, again, would be more impressive if we did not know that the necessary reorganisation of the country is still lacking and that there is not even adequate equipment, accommodation or officers for the Territorials who are now joining up. Nevertheless, the argument for compulsion to raise an army adequate for our commitments is important and must be carefully examined.

Outside the Mansion House last Monday Mr. Churchill dared to say the blunt and unpleasant truth that we have undertaken commitments in Eastern Europe which we cannot make good with our existing armed forces. If Hitler is to be deterred from attack and persuaded to negotiate he must know that he cannot win by a lightning stroke on either front: the full co-operation of the U.S.S.R. in the East is essential, but so too is a force sufficient to hold a German attack in the West. Britain's main contribution would be her capacity to blockade, her air force and her vast industrial resources. France does not ask nor does anyone contemplate in the mechanised and three-dimensional warfare of to-day that we again dig millions of men into the soil of Flanders. But the nineteen divisions that Britain has promised are a minimum obligation. They are not ready, and until they are there is point in the old French jibe that England is ready to man the frontier with the conscript armies of France.

The difficulties of Territorial training are not fully appreciated. The problem is not primarily one of numbers. The flow of recruits has substantially increased in the past few weeks. But a system which only entails a few evenings of drill each week and a fortnight's camp and, furthermore, necessitates the formation of small scattered units, is in modern conditions both expensive and inadequate. A modern mechanised army cannot be produced without full time and intensive training. What is needed is a short period of this intensive training for a limited number of young men, and it is this which is doubtfully obtainable on a voluntary basis. It is true that no appeal has been made for men to join up or to their employers to release them for a short period of whole-time training. But, it is reasonably asked, can men who are quite prepared to serve, be expected to interrupt their careers and perhaps lose their jobs while their more prudent colleagues remain in civilian occupations? In short the new case put up for compulsion is that it is not possible to obtain the trained army we have promised while retaining the voluntary principle.

It is in this situation that democrats must decide what attitude they will adopt to compulsion. It is a difficult decision for the Opposition. Bred in an atmosphere of insular security, our democracy has not cherished the fighting traditions which make military service one of the essential principles of Continental democracy. We have regarded the army as a professional body paid to do our fighting for us and have permitted its leadership to become the monopoly of the ruling class. We have been able to enjoy the luxury of a democracy based on voluntary organisation for the simple reason that our navy has kept us secure. And we have been led to believe, only a few weeks ago by the Premier, that the voluntary system we value could be preserved. If these technical arguments are correct now, were they not also true last month?

Habits formed by generations of national experience are hard to break. And to this habitual dislike of compulsion is added in the present situation two further factors. In the first place, there are memories of specious promises made in the last war by a Premier anxious to enlist the support of Labour in 1916. Engineers will not easily forget the assurances on which they acceded to "dilution" and the abrogation of Trade Union practices, and how they were disregarded when the war ended. In the second place, there is a profound suspicion of the policy, personnel and intentions, of the Government. It has been the accomplice of Fascism and this leopard does not easily change its spots. Already some of the enthusiasts for compulsion show that what they want is control here rather than a policy of collective security. Will compulsion be used not to repel Fascism, but to introduce something like it here? Will it lead to industrial conscription? Will it retain the class features of our professional army? It is inevitable that such suspicions should arise and, unless they are answered, compulsion will bring not an increase of strength but an intensification of that disunity which already exists.

As we write, the attitude of organised Labour seems to be one of stark opposition. Remembering that they agreed to collaborate in National Service on the thrice-expressed understanding that compulsion would not be introduced in peace-time, the leaders are indignant with Mr. Chamberlain and their feelings are quite intelligible. But it is unwise to base a policy upon feelings and we believe that Labour will make a mistake if its only response to compulsion is a blank refusal. Since Munich, and even more since the occupation of Prague, the country has woken up to the fact that its insularity no longer gives it protection, and a quiet revolution has taken place in the man in the street's attitude to defence. We believe that if Labour merely opposes, the Government will have little difficulty in carrying the country. The issue is not whether the Government should immediately put the nation compulsorily under arms, but whether we should build up an expeditionary force, such as we have promised to send to France, in the shortest possible time,

and with the least dislocation possible of our national life. If the Goverment can make out a case that this result can only be achieved by a short period of compulsory military service for a small age group, the man in the street will not stand pat on the principle of voluntary service, but argue that compulsion all round is the fairest method.

We suggest that the Labour Movement will find it difficult in such circumstances to refuse the appeal of M. Blum. If they continue to urge a collective security policy, they will have to convince the French that we mean to fight with them, if necessary. Labour would be wise not to challenge the principle of compulsion but rather make its acceptance of this step conditional upon a declaration of foreign policy which leaves no shadow of doubt about the Government's—or another Government's—willingness to enter into a full collective system with Russia. This should be the first and prime condition of collaboration. In the second place, it should obtain clear and specific undertakings by the Government both with regard to "industrial conscription" and the "conscription of wealth." Here vague verbal promises are of no avail, but Labour has an opportunity of insisting on better conditions for the workers, on the genuine suppression of profiteering, and on the reconstruction of much of our industry on a socialistic basis. To-day all the face-saving regulations against profiteering have broken down; profiteering is rampant and nothing is done to check it. M.P.s showed a proper scepticism of Mr. Chamberlain's promise to stop the profiteering of his political friends. The Labour Party has here a great opportunity. If it is lost, there is unlikely to be another chance of imposing on the rich and prosperous a real measure of genuine sacrifice and public control. In the next place Labour should ensure that the new compulsory service is genuinely democratic in character and lays the foundations of a people's army. It would be a positive gain for democracy if every conscript, whatever his class or social position, were compelled to serve in the ranks and if promotion in this new army were from the ranks and only from the ranks. This should be the third condition of Labour's accession to the Government's appeal.

In the fourth place, Labour should welcome the promise of an intelligent attitude to exemptions on grounds of conscience. In totalitarian warfare none could escape danger and every work would be related to war activity. Therefore the solution of the problem of the conscientious objector—of whom there are more to-day than there were in 1916—should be easy to solve if sensibly dealt with. It is vital, too, that men should be withdrawn from their peaceful occupations at the period which would cause least interruption to their development, and that they should be absolutely certain of their jobs when they return.

Such should be some at least of the conditions which Labour should demand and obtain for its acceptance of compulsory military service in peace-time. We believe that, despite all the objections which will be urged, the Labour Movement will be well advised to undertake the task of fighting for their acceptance rather than to pursue a policy of blank opposition to the principle. That attitude may well end in the introduction of compulsion against their will and without these safeguards.

THE BOMB EXPLOSIONS

[FROM AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

IT might, at this stage, be useful to give a resumé of what has led up to the present trials in connection with the bomb-explosions in London and the provinces.

It is now clear that these explosions have been engineered by a group of Irishmen, as far as the evidence shows, resident in England, though the trials have disclosed contacts with Dublin and Belfast. They have also introduced the name of the Irish Republican Army. On this point it is necessary to be precise.

Properly speaking, there is no such body as the I.R.A. The history of the I.R.A. is simple. Its origin is to be found in the secret Irish Republican Brotherhood, which had existed in a moribund way ever since the Fenians and '67, and in the Carsonite Volunteers of the years before the Great War. Sir Edward Carson's example encouraged the I.R.B. to establish a similar open organisation in the South; they did it by using the "unsuspecting" and "unsuspectable" men—such as John Redmond. Both bodies, the Ulster Volunteers and the Irish Volunteers, had the honourable status of rebels, but they had some political sanction from the people, North and South. Later a rift in the southern Volunteers distinguished those who wanted to fight for Irish autonomy from those who did not, and so originated the Republican Volunteers who "rose" in 1916. These, at the actual date of the rising, may be said to have had no political sanction; it is agreed that the mass of the people were at the time opposed to their methods and ideas. As is now well known, however, the executions after the rising swung public opinion round to their side, and in 1918 at a General Election, out of 106 Irish representatives 76 were returned as Separatists, or Sinn Feiners. An Irish parliament was set up, and from then onward the re-organised Volunteers became the army of this parliament, Dail Eireann. It became known as the Irish Republican Army, was controlled by a responsible Cabinet in the Dail, and gave its allegiance to the people.

After the founding of the Irish Free State it refused to recognise, on national, but also, cautiously, on *legal* grounds, the new Government, and insisted that Mr. De Valera was still President of the original Dail, to which it continued to give a somewhat equivocal allegiance. The point to observe is that the I.R.A. was always aware that it required political sanction to exist as a national army. In 1927 Mr. De Valera decided that his claim to be President (based on his contention that the Dail of which he claimed to be the head had never been dissolved), was futile. He led his party into the Free State parliament and was at once disowned by the chiefs of the I.R.A.; but, in practice, what had happened was that he had disowned them. They were now left without more than an unconvincing semblance of political sanction, so that one may place the extinction of the historical I.R.A. at that date.

Since then the name has continued in use. Every independent group which believed in violent action to establish an Irish Republic has claimed succession, and individuals demonstrate the connection. But it can hardly be maintained seriously by even these individuals that they have, to-day, any political sanction from the Irish electorate. If they wished to take pity on historians they would adopt another title; the use of the title "I.R.A." is, to say the least of it, confusing.

Sporadic outbreaks by the "I.R.A." (for the sake of accuracy we may use inverted commas) have gone on ever since. Every Irish Government has pursued them with severity. Even Mr. De Valera, who tried for a time, and with much success, to win these guerilla groups over to his policy of Republican gradualism, has more than once lost patience. But it had seemed, up to the recent explosions, that he had, between sympathy and severity, at last obliterated them. In election after election he established his hold over the electorate, and his party contains and has been supported by some of the most intransigent. To that has contributed his success in

modifying the original Treaty; in removing the Oath of Allegiance; in abolishing the office of Governor General; in regaining the forts formerly held by British garrisons; in buying out the Annuities debt. His general social and economic policy has been popular. But from the point of view of his Leftist opponents, with whom we are here concerned, his main asset is that there is no satisfactory political alternative to his Government.

The dissatisfaction of these Leftist groups is variously founded. So long as Mr. De Valera continued to win these national-political successes they were obliged to forbear. But now he has come to an end of lesser grievances, and the major one—Partition—seems likely to reduce his policy of gradualism to slow-motion. Moreover, it seems possible, if not probable, that the solution of this problem—if any solution be possible—would involve Eire in far-reaching and restrictive engagements with Great Britain. The activist Republicans have also observed that, at various meetings of the Party machine, or Ard Fheis, Mr. De Valera has resolutely turned aside from the call to declare a Republic for the twenty-six counties. It is also important to note that his social and economic policy has not eliminated unemployment, or prevented emigration, and that thousands of young Irishmen have left Eire with bitter hearts. The young man whose letter was read in court saying that it was heart-breaking to see his child asking for a penny to buy a Union Jack, expressed a very natural emotion—and one which, had he been an Englishman in exile in some dominating country, would doubtless be approved by his countrymen.

These outbreaks, then, are really an attack less on Englishmen than on Mr. De Valera's policies, mark the end of the patience of the Leftist Republicans and measure their distrust of conciliation. This belief that Mr. De Valera's constitutionalism will not produce any more results has not, so far, been shared by the mass of the Irish people. But already, in the opinion of many observers, the trials and the stiff sentences on these men are beginning to shake the veil. Even those who believe absolutely in Mr. De Valera, and who therefore condemn these bombings, cannot help feeling angered at the distasteful remarks of Mr. Justice Humphreys at the Old Bailey, when sentencing Gerald Wharton to ten years' penal senvitude. He said that the accused was "a member of the gang who committed murders of British officers and others up to 1922"—a description of members of the Government of a neighbouring country (it covers Mr. De Valera himself) which can only be felt as a wilful insult. It is highly significant that even the government paper in Dublin, the *Irish Press*, whose policy has been to remain resolutely silent about the trials and explosions (knowing that all feeling for the men involved is tantamount to feeling against Mr. De Valera, who has brought in legislation against them), could not refrain from publishing on the following day, in a prominent position, a resumé of the career of Mr. Justice Humphreys, including the following: "As Mr. Travers Humphreys, K.C., Mr. Justice Humphreys was British prosecutor at trials by British Courts Martial in the City Hall, Dublin, of a number of Irishmen during the Anglo-Irish war, particularly after the shooting of British agents in 1920." It is safe to say that this paragraph, with its implications and associations in the public memory, together with the judge's remarks, must between them have done more to establish sympathy for the dynamitards, and to weaken Mr. De Valera's position, than any incident in Anglo-Irish relations for several years.

In short, the general trend of opinion in Ireland seems to be that if these trials proceed, and more girls of eighteen (like the girl, Gallagher, who said she was sorry for what she had done, did not glory in it, and admitted that she was only a tool) get sentences of three years, Mr. De Valera stands small chance of establishing solidly friendly relations with Great Britain. The case of Wharton has been particularly noted. Last week the Limerick Corporation initiated a campaign, which is spreading, for a re-trial of this man who said he abhorred the bombings and took no part in them (which no active member of these groups would be at all likely to say) and that he did not mean the letter mentioned above to be offensive to the English people whose qualities he had come to appreciate. He was taunted by the judge, for that letter, with being a hypocrite, and while proclaiming his innocence, received ten years' penal servitude. It is fairly safe to prophesy that this man will not serve his sentence.

The old dichotomy between Parliament and the law, of which Irishmen have had bitter experience in the past, is evident here again. From the point of view of the law these bombings have to stop; and there is an end to it. Likewise, from the point of view of both British and Irish politicians, these bombings must stop, but there is much more to it than just that. As far as that "much more" is concerned Irishmen feel that the courts, to put it crudely, are making a hash of things. These men and boys and girls are not criminals. They are decent, normal young people whose patriotism has led them recklessly rather than wilfully to endanger innocent lives. Nevertheless, it is felt that to sentence one of them to the dreadful punishment of twenty years' penal servitude among the riff-raff of the convict prisons, is to show a complete lack of imagination. To sentence one of these young women to seven years among thieves, prostitutes, abortionists, pick-pockets and the like is out of all proportion to the amount of suffering that even the sternest sense of justice would wish to inflict by way of punishment. Above all, it is felt that to combine such sentences with offensive remarks from the bench, which can only be received as a slap in the face by the Irish public, is unwarranted and likely to have grave consequences.

The next probable move in Ireland is a campaign on familiar lines to release the prisoners. With that the entire Irish public will sympathise, or remain silent. If Mr. De Valera cannot stand up against such a campaign—and any more severe sentences on boys and women, and any more unguarded remarks by the courts will make it very difficult for him to stand up against it—he may have to modify very severely his policy of conciliation and barter. Certainly any *rapprochement* with Great Britain in time of war will be out of the question; even as it is the whole European situation is being watched by Irishmen with cynical distrust. On the other hand, should Mr. De Valera fail to produce some fresh national success within a year or two—and he is now nearly seven years in office and approaching sixty—and should the Opposition oust him, they will be too weak to do anything about Partition, and even widen the way of an approach to Great Britain.

Everybody, therefore, including these extremists, seems likely to lose by the mishandling of the problem. Possibly at this stage the most sensible procedure is to initiate without further delay a consultation between the Governments concerned. Otherwise (always provided these outbreaks go on) the problem is something whose effects will stick in Irish politics, and jam Anglo-Irish relations, for many a year to come.

A LONDON DIARY

WHY *did* Nevile Henderson return to Berlin? Especially in Russia and America, such an action was bound to be interpreted as a sign of "wavering." In Germany his return in the "normal course of things," (though he was recalled as a "protest" which would seem as much needed as ever) naturally invited a snub from Herr von Ribbentrop, who enjoys repaying old scores and who having got the Führer to the right state of mind, did not want him disturbed with messages from Britain. Sir Nevile had to be content with handing an *aide-memoire* to an Under Secretary, which must have been provoking for a man who has cultivated Nazi friendship so assiduously. Other ambassadorial news is not so depressing. Lord Lothian should make a charming ambassador in Washington. He is a man of excellent intentions, and has some nice ideas, although he can seldom keep them straight for many minutes on end. He once boosted the Soviet system because it had cured unemployment;

he always thought the Nazis would be appeased once they got Austria, and though he has visited Hitler and talked to all the leading Nazis, I learnt that it never entered his head to question their intentions in Spain. Now, I'm glad to say, he is an ardent supporter of the "Federal Union" idea in Clarence Streit's book. I do not think he ever believes evil of anyone; his temperamental good-nature has been aided and abetted by a faith in Christian Science.

* * *

Our rulers have the oddest ideas of leadership. For years the Opposition have badgered the Government for a strong Ministry of Supply. At last Mr. Chamberlain gives way and nominates Mr. Burgin for the job. Mr. Burgin is a lawyer with a reputation for managing awkward cases, but will be almost as out of place in his new job as Inskip was in his old one. With little administrative experience, he has at least the qualification in that he has made a more adulatory speech about Mr. Chamberlain than any other M.P. except Mr. Andrew Maclaren, the Labour Member for Burslem. Judging by the limited authority given him, even the Premier has his doubts. So we get a Ministry of Supply which is no Ministry of Supply, and more suitable men, who might not see eye to eye with the Premier, are passed over. Another incident which suggests that we still have ostriches amongst us is the banning of *Dr. Mamlock* by the British Board of Film Censors. This Russian film, although it is anti-Nazi, was warmly commended by the *Times* and has received a special word of praise from the Hays censorship in America, which is a violently reactionary organisation. But our censors have decided that it is "totally unsuitable" for this country. And so we are to have conscription, but the public may not learn the kind of thing our army is supposed to be protecting us from.

* * *

The Left Book Club is the only organisation in the country capable of organising a rally of the kind that filled the Empress Stadium on Monday night. The place was packed—which means about 11,000 people, and I am told that 3,000 more had to be turned away. It was an astonishing platform. Paul Robeson sang; Lloyd George expressed the radical individualism and love of liberty which is his real faith, and Sir Norman Angell courageously stood by his collective security theses. Wilfrid Roberts made a good speech and so did Dick Acland, who told us that £600 and 1,000 voluntary workers were needed to mobilise the 25,000 non-voters for Gabriel Carritt, who is standing, in the absence of a Labour candidate, as an "Independent Progressive" in the Abbey Division of Westminster. The Dean of Canterbury told us about Russia, and Sir Stafford Cripps, John Strachey and Harry Pollitt all aroused enthusiasm. There were divergences of philosophy, but here, united on the main issue of opposing the Chamberlain Government and procuring the full co-operation of Russia, was the right leadership for a genuinely progressive movement. What was lacking? Only the Labour Party, or the "Odhamites," as Victor Gollancz in the chair happily described them. Ellen Wilkinson pluckily put in an appearance on the platform, though she did not speak. But what a difference it would have made if Herbert Morrison, Hugh Dalton and Ernest Bevin and the rest had long ago been willing to join forces on this Popular Front platform!

* * *

We all know that there is discontent in Germany and a considerable underground movement at work. As revolution in Germany before or during war seems to be the one hope of the world, we may be tempted to exaggerate its strength. Therefore one particularly values evidence of opposition that appears in the Nazi press. Here is an extract from the *Stuttgarter Neues Tageblatt*:

> In an important factory of the industrial district, Mittelelbe, where vital work for the four-year plan is being done, the discipline of the workers slackened; some of them stopped away without any excuse or on minor pretexts—they were carrying out the policy of the so-called "Bummelschicht" (Lazyness shift). They seriously endangered production, and the supervisor of the industrial Mittelelbe district was forced to make use of the decree of June 25th, 1938, which made him responsible for smooth working in the factories. He had to see that the working hours were strictly kept. Any offence against the rules had to be brought before the law courts. In spite of this the workers in this factory have again endangered production by stopping away without permission or excuse, or by giving false reasons for their absence. The behaviour of these men shows a great irresponsibility towards the tasks of the four-year plan and a considerable disregard of community sense, so that the offenders cannot remain unpunished. At a lightning trial three of the workers were sentenced to three and six weeks' imprisonment, and measures against others are still to be taken.

* * *

The deplorable form in which the Access to Mountains Bill has passed its third reading is discussed on another page. Inevitably people are asking why they have been so let down and by whom. Mr. Creech Jones, who is in charge of the Bill, excused himself from voting at the third reading on the grounds that the concessions were "part of the agreement," which does not sound sense when the concessions were all on one side, with the result of actually making mountains less accessible. But we should perhaps do wrong to throw too much blame on Mr. Creech Jones, who has been little more than a parliamentary lay figure, the negotiations behind the scenes being in the hands of Sir Laurence Chubb. It would be interesting to know by what considerations Sir Laurence, who was entrusted with the care of the ramblers' interests, believes himself to have been governed in effecting so disastrous a surrender of these interests. The leaders of ramblers' organisations in a letter to the press have described the third reading of the Bill as the greatest setback to the ramblers' movement since its inauguration. There is of course still time for amendment and in particular for the removal of the obnoxious trespass clause in the Lords. But Lords after all are often landowners, and few Lords ramble.

* * *

Now that we have guaranteed Poland and Rumania, "distant countries," as Mr. Chamberlain might say, "of whom we have scarcely heard," the public begins to want to know something about them. To provide this knowledge the Union of Democratic Control has organised an interesting series of lectures. (Livingstone Hall at 8 p.m. on May 4th, 18th and 25th; entrance 6*d*.) The lecturer on Poland (May 4th) is Mr. W. J. Rose, who is Professor of Polish Literature in the University of London and who next October succeeds Sir Bernard Pares as Director of the School of Slavonic Studies. Prof. Rose, a Canadian by birth, was interned in Silesia during the war, learnt Polish and was called in by the Peace Conference to advise about the Polish frontier. The second lecturer, on Rumania (May 18th), is Mr. Vandaleur Robinson, a well-known League of Nations Union speaker, a member of the Balkan Committee and an expert on his subject. The third lecture is on the policy and position of the U.S.S.R. It will be given by Mr. Zilliacus, who was one of the original League of Nations officials, and who knows Russia and talks Russian as well as most of the other European languages. To the British public Zilliacus is best known as "Vigilantes," the pseudonym I remember coining when he was the centre of a small group of people who planned and wrote the Manchurian Supplement for this journal in 1932, and who wrote our subsequent pamphlets, *The Dying Peace* and *Abyssinia*. He has recently written several books for Gollancz, the latest of which is called *Why We Are Losing the Peace*, and also a Penguin Special, *Between Two Wars*, which contains some interesting recollections of Russia.

* * *

A friend who buys Spanish oranges in Wycombe market sends me a specimen of the paper in which the oranges are wrapped. Each wrapper has a red and blue cross, and the words printed round are V. ALCIRA S. DIE BEVORZUGTE SPANISCHE EDELMARKE. Not so serious, of course, as the German guns at Ceuta or the aerodromes in the Basque country or the German fortifications at Vigo, but a good commentary on the refusal of the Government and the Government press for two and a half years to admit that Germany could have

any intention of staying in Spain. Oh, no! The Spaniards (except at Gibraltar) would never stand anything un-Spanish in Spain. The one un-Spanish thing they may not stand, I think, is the presence of the British at Gibraltar.

* * *

Describing the recent celebrations for Hitler's birthday, the *Daily Mirror* adds the following charming detail:

> More than 3,000 Red Cross workers have been mobilised to serve in the crowded streets during the celebrations and take care not only of accidents but, according to the newspaper *Zwölf Uhr Blatt*, of premature births which may occur because "the future Hitler Youth member cannot await the hour at which he will be launched into the Reich."

This Germany outdoes this England every time.

* * *

At the office where refugees seek posts as domestic servants and English employers call to interview them, an odd little incident occurred the other day. An important looking lady was shown in and, surveying the scene around her, remarked in a loud voice that she "did not see anyone here who looked at all suitable." It was then explained to her that she was in the room reserved for the English employers, not for the refugees. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to D. M.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The Duchess of Hamilton then supported the motion by referring to the personal experiences of members of her own family and in particular to the fact that her son had successfully flown over Everest without being vaccinated.—*Journal of Research Defence Society.*

P. L.—No, it is not possible for "two devout Catholic girls" who are "very much in love with one another" to have "a matrimonial service." The Church's matrimonial service is restricted to those who, in accordance with God's holy institution, choose a partner of the opposite sex. Are there no eligible young men in your parish? —*Universe.*

A wealthy customer of some of the best known shops in Bond Street and its tributaries recently made it known that she had ceased to visit these shops because she was so frequently pestered by street musicians and beggars. It was estimated that she spent £750 a year in Bond Street and its adjoining streets. The case is said to be typical. —*Times.*

In Germany every business house displays a portrait of Herr Hitler. Let us ordain that every business in England shall display a copy of the poem, "In Flanders Fields," and for humanity's sake let us have conscription.—Letter in *Times.*

Watch the step of London now. It is alert, purposeful, masterful, the step of a people unregimented and free, a people with faith in its rulers and faith in its destiny. Seldom indeed the step that is halting, telling of aimlessness and indecision.—Callisthenes in *Times.*

Even diet can be fixed by the stars.

"It need not be monotonous, for though Sunday's star might indicate dry toast and soda water, Wednesday's star might order roast duck and green peas."—*Daily Mail.*

RETROSPECT

IT is an odd feeling to stand on the edge of what will probably be the greatest tragedy in the history of civilised man. We know too much about war to cherish any of the old illusions that its bloodshed is hallowed by its cause or that good results or noble ideals will be furthered by its sacrifice. One of the few services one may still perform is to write down for those who have grown up since the war some explanation, as sincere and candid as one can make it, of the reasons for our failure. I speak of failure because whether general war is imminent or not, it must now be clear to everyone that the whole post-war effort to rid the world of war has failed. Society has fallen into the clutches of people who believe in war as an instrument of policy and can only think of progress in terms of conquest. Those who have grown up since the last war have reason to be bitter—the same war we swore to prevent, the same old political gang who led us in 1914, the same kind of generals who drowned a generation in Flanders mud, the same prating talk from the Bishops, and the same reluctant acceptance of war by Labour and by those who write, speak and lead the masses who so passionately desire peace. It needs some apology and explanation even though we may feel that the fault has not been ours. We have been defeated, not mistaken.

"Never again," we all said, soldiers and others alike. But how were we to prevent it happening again? Back from France in 1919 I thought we had perhaps thirty years in which to organise peace, because I know that there is an extreme reluctance in men to face war twice in their lives. It has been a general rule in our history that war fever cannot be engendered until a younger generation grows up which is not inoculated by experience. I was too optimistic, for I could not foresee that the generation in Germany which shared our hatred of war would be killed off or silenced before its time. Hitler to-day relies on young men warped in nurture by war, famine and revolution. The democratic countries are piloted by old men who fear war and fear any change in the *status quo*; the Fascist countries by young fanatics who are trained to glory in the virile slaughter of those weaker than themselves. The Nazi revolution has hastened disaster by ten years perhaps, but war was inevitable sooner or later, unless we who knew and understood could change society while we were still young enough to count.

What changes did we think necessary? Wars would continue and grow more and more horrible as long as the international anarchy continued. And an international order was impossible so long as States were armed rivals representing the interests of a ruling class and turning out battleships and bombs to defend and extend these interests. The task was to build an international society and that meant to achieve Socialism within the great States, to develop the League, since that was the only instrument to hand, and to educate the public into international habits of thought and inoculate it against national propaganda. All these things had to be done together. Soviet Russia, still deep in the throes of her revolutionary struggle, was the one clear gain from the war; Germany, if the Allies had permitted it and the Social Democrats had not been Nationalists, might also have had a Socialist revolution in 1918-19. And it was on Germany that everything depended, for though Labour might win office in Britain, a Socialist Britain was not feasible without the co-operation of a Socialist Germany. The failure of the workers' struggle in Germany, the mistakes of Social Democrats who feared revolution and of Communists who thought a Fascist revolution would lead to a Socialist revolution, their refusal to combine and the monumental folly of French and British policy which insured the success of Hitler by denying economic and political justice to democratic Germany, and then did not scotch the monster they had raised—this is the central disaster of post-war history.

But I am dealing here with our failure in Britain. Some, sure that war was the greatest of all evils, held that in the long run the only solution lay in an improvement of individual morality, in the creation of so large a body of war resisters that no government could go to war. Only if men individually held it always and in all circumstances wicked to drop bombs and shove bayonets through one another's guts—only then should we avoid the traps of propaganda and defeat the subconscious drives that make men find excuses for war. The implications of this view were disarmament, international, if possible, and unilateral, if not. In any case their hope for peace was founded on the individual refusal to fight. As long as this refusal is put on the ground of conscience, the pacifist's position was, and still is, unanswerable, however difficult

it may be to maintain. The case can also be put on utilitarian grounds, as it is in C. E. M. Joad's Penguin book, *Why War?* This argument is forcible to-day because the chances of preventing war by any active policy now seem increasingly slight. But it needed a personal, I think indeed a religious, faith to say that, whatever was happening in the world, no effort which might involve bloodshed should ever be made to stop it. Such a faith is incompatible with holding any office of public responsibility, as George Lansbury found. How could we stand aside and say nothing—and action is always implicit in words—while the workers were shot down in one country after another and the very right to protest taken away from our comrades on the Continent? I have met ardent Quakers working in Spain or relieving distress in Austria or Czechoslovakia who have spoken with horror of Chamberlain's policy. They would not agree that it could be right to risk war, but they prayed to God that someone would stop Hitler!

Politically speaking, the ethical advocate of non-resistance found himself in alliance with the Marxist war-resister. Both held, and rightly, that modern international war is the final exploitation of the worker and both hoped that a refusal to obey would stop any government going into war. A resolution calling for joint industrial action in the event of a threat of war was passed by the Annual Conference of the Labour Party as late as 1933, where it appeared inconsistently side by side with resolutions supporting the League of Nations. There are still many war resisters of both the ethical and political types. But as a political force the movement was undermined by the rise of Hitlerism. Once the international Labour and Peace movements in Germany and Austria had been destroyed the political argument for war-resistance was gone. It became the philosophy of the minority-minded, for the political efficacy of a pacifist or a war resistance policy lay in the hope of a similar movement in the country that might be your enemy.

The critical decision was taken by the British Labour movement at the great debate on sanctions at the Party Conference in the Dome at Brighton in 1935. George Lansbury resigned and argued passionately for the pacifist case. Bombs were the same whether they were dropped in the name of the League or in the name of Fascist imperialism. We could do no good in going into a possible war behind a capitalist government. The reply, vehement and powerful, came from Ernest Bevin and carried the day. Behind his passionate defence of a League policy was a bitter hatred of Fascism, which had destroyed working-class institutions and thrown the leaders of Labour into concentration camps. It was Cripps, who saw the dangers more clearly; his analysis was correct, but it could not make a party programme. He would not support sanctions because he believed, as many of us guessed, that the British Government had no intention of overthrowing Mussolini, and Sir Samuel Hoare's speech was a springe to catch woodcocks. It did catch them and won for the Government a great parliamentary majority on a League platform which it tore to shreds the moment it was in power. The decision was fundamental for Labour; it meant that in any war against a Fascist country Labour would follow. It seemed a comparatively easy decision for the time, because many out and out pacifists could quiet their doubts since, with Germany unprepared, resolute sanctions would not have meant war. At most, as De Bono's book has shown, it would have meant a naval engagement. But that decision really called a bluff; we knew after that that a League policy might involve war and was inconsistent with complete pacifism.

After the trickery of Abyssinia part of the Labour movement might have gone back to war-resistance had it not been for Spain. But who, if he wanted a world of Socialism and peace, could fail to see the lesson of Fascist intervention in Spain? The struggle to obtain support for the Spanish government, the collection of money from humble people amounting to over a million pounds in this country alone to help their comrades in Spain, has been the greatest effort ever made by the rank and file in the teeth of the most active propaganda from the supporters of Franco. Here, all of us who were not blinded by class prejudice knew was a decisive battle for democracy. Here we shed our illusions and realised our duty. No pacifist ought to have had doubts here, for unless he was a complete Tolstoyan and anarchist and repudiated the use of police in domestic politics, he could not hold that a democratic government was wrong in using all the power at its command to suppress a Fascist revolution. He could not separate the army from the police, for the army is only an armed police. To yield to Franco meant the end of democratic institutions. It meant to accept the principle that neither France nor Britain could ever have a progressive government without the threat of Fascist revolution aided by foreign Fascism. It meant a very complete surrender, for the modern State can use the press and radio, the courts and the special police to maintain a control never possible in the past. In the nineteenth century the working class in Paris or Vienna could throw up barricades in the street and defend themselves with a few ancient muskets, and sometimes succeed in winning over the soldiers sent against them. But in the twentieth century an implacable government willing to use tanks, aeroplanes and machine guns can crush any revolt. The workers' only chance would be if they were themselves armed. That is why in Europe to-day there are some who hope for war; it is common talk in Germany that if Hitler puts weapons into the hands of his reservists, he runs grave risks as soon as Germany suffers any reverses.

The alternative to war resistance was the League, and the League was deliberately sabotaged. I need not again tell the dismal and familiar story of the disarmament conference, the World Economic Conference, the Manchurian and the Abyssinian betrayals and the shameful and puerile efforts of Britain and France to buy off Hitler from Mussolini and Mussolini from Hitler and bribe Franco, who was always their puppet (but such a good golfer and nice gentleman), to the democratic side of the fence. All that need be said is this. Throughout this period, the public policy of the Government was stated in terms of principle designed to satisfy public opinion, while the real policy was secret and opportunist. The result was to make the worst of both worlds. The old diplomacy of Laval and Hoare would have prevented a quarrel with Italy, saved some of Abyssinia and at least reduced the number of Abyssinians massacred. It had merits, this diplomatic tradition; it was used during the last twenty years of the nineteenth century to carve up Africa without war between the imperialist Powers. But the public was told that a League policy of stopping aggression was to be enforced, and as a result of applying sanctions without seriously enforcing them every conceivable disadvantage, was obtained at the same time.

In 1937 Mr. Chamberlain got rid of Mr. Eden and decided to run a business man's policy, cutting the Gordian knot of diplomacy by offering to do an economic and political deal with the dictators and telling them that they could do what they liked without interference from us as long as they did not tread on our preserves. This conception of appeasing the Have-Not Powers and saving ourselves from war meant in any case surrendering Europe to Fascism, but it seemed a not impossible policy to people who did not understand that Nazi Germany was not to be placated, as other imperialisms might be, by the prospect of a wider field of economic expansion. At Munich Mr. Chamberlain still suffered from the delusion of the cruder kind of Marxists who used to analyse the Nazi movement purely in terms of monopoly capitalism. The policy of refusing a Russian alliance and leaving Eastern Europe to the Nazis would have succeeded if Hitler had also been a Birmingham business man.

To those who saw this prospect and understood the dynamics of Fascism and the psychology of dictatorships the Chamberlain period has been a nightmare. It was true that Mr. Chamberlain was a man of peace, and that to oppose him was to ask for the risk of war, to outrage all one's instincts in favour of reconciliation and to appeal to those very national passions which one

had trained oneself to overcome. Often I have asked myself: If appeasement is abandoned, what else is there but war? And a war of a kind which will not help in the working-class struggle, in which nothing will be achieved except a ruined Europe. If the Nazis came from crushing Germany last time, what shall we get next time? Hyenas? And then one realised that it was not true that, with the Nazis still only half-way to full war preparation, with Hitler intent on piecemeal conquests that would not involve him in general war—then one realised that the choice was not yet surrender or war, though it might well become so if all the chances of stopping Hitler were neglected. If his career could be checked a chance existed for these workers, industrialists and soldiers who feared his policy and detested the Nazi regime. Therefore the new policy of the Peace Alliance was born; it could only come into being if Britain and France had governments which could co-operate with Russia and, while being clearly ready to resist, offer the German people economic outlets which would undermine the encirclement fears that Dr. Goebbels so strenuously kept alive. Week after week one asked for a democratic initiative which would show that we were not merely holding on to our Empire and that democracy had some conception of economic emancipation that could appeal to people who were learning to regard us with contempt and look to Fascism for help. You will find this conception of a genuinely democratic League Federation first put forward by Mr. H. N. Brailsford in a pamphlet called *Towards a New League*, published by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in 1936. We knew that the League could never work unless the Powers within it were willing to drop their sovereign claims and make Geneva into a club whose membership brought solid economic benefits. Such a group would have been too strong to attack and it would have been able to offer at that time economic inducements which would have been hard to resist. This was a policy of peace and Socialist reconstruction, not of a military alliance which would lead to war.

I must admit that I have never had much hope for peace since Hitler's victory in 1933. For Hitler seldom, if ever, makes settlements. He only bargains for a truce with those whom he is not yet ready to destroy. The great lie which will bamboozle the bourgeoisie though they will see through small lies such as they themselves tell, the division and gradual destruction of your possible opponents, the clearly envisaged war when they are divided and weak, the world propaganda to disrupt and encourage Fascist forces in every country, deliberate determination to crash out for ever "all the principles of 1789"—that is, the liberty for which men have died in the past, the social equality for which they hope and brotherhood which would mean peace—the substitution of a paganism which sets force on a pedestal and regards common men as robots in service to the Nazi State—all this is clearly laid down in *Mein Kampf* and the other official literature of the Nazis. There was no hope for Europe unless we undermined and changed this new barbarism and not much more hope unless we did so without war. Therefore, I wrote, and the sentence has guided me ever since, the object of all policy should be to defeat Fascism without war. If war came it was too late. There were plenty of chances—not only over Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain and Czechoslovakia—but chances all the time if we could galvanise democracy into reality and face the facts of the new world, the need for international co-operation, the internationalising of Empires, economic reconstruction on the basis of the plenty that capitalism squanders.

Every opportunity has been lost and we find ourselves where our policy was bound to bring us, in a war situation of the most terrible kind, with a government in power which asks for conscription but stands for nothing that common people care about.

The logic of the British Government's policy is to accept the status of a second-class Power to which they have reduced this country, and to give up the hope of exercising any powerful influence in the world. If they had the courage they would say something like this. "We realise that you were right and that capitalism, as we know it, has failed; that it was fatal to balkanise Europe when we might have made it a federation; fatal to try to hold on to the *status quo* and maintain a society with millions of unemployed, unplanned, chaotic and out of date. Because we had not the courage or the imagination to do what history demanded in a decent way, Hitler is solving these problems by the simple means of creating a slave state. We have lost our chance and we go down to history as a decadent ruling class which could neither defend itself nor stand for anything valuable. All we can do now is to save you the horrors of a war which we have neither the courage nor the competence to fight." That would be sensible, but politically difficult. These people will not have the courage of their own cowardice. Though there is more Danegeld to pay yet, they will probably call upon the country to pour out its blood once they have given up all the things for which a decent man would have thought it right to risk war.

If war does come, what course lies open to those of us who tried to prevent it while there still was time? Many will fight for the Empire, for their old traditions and just because they prefer to fight rather than to give in. But the "old school tie" will not survive; it represents an anachronism which cannot cope with the forces of the new world. The Pacifist will maintain as best he can in a totalitarian war his stand for ultimate values. Liberals and Social Democrats will fight too; some will find that they are at heart old-fashioned imperialists; the best will continue to work for the federal Europe they failed to achieve in 1919. The Communists and many who are not members of the Party will put all their hopes in social revolution. Certainly a social revolution in Germany will be the first thing to work for in war, as it should be in peace. I see no reason to change the original diagnosis we made after the last war; the only hope does rest in international Socialist federation. Great changes seldom come about without great convulsions, and it is vitally important in the horror of war and its aftermath for people who can see a rational goal to keep their eyes fixed on the practical means for its realisation, even though millions die and the end achieved will never be exactly that which they seek. Those who talk about the complete collapse of civilisation in war may be right; it may end that way. But so it must have seemed in Russia in the anarchy of 1917. That a new civilisation different from Lenin's dream, but still full of vitality and creative possibilities, arose out of war was due to men who had "faith in the impossible" and were tough enough to make it come true.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

PROTECTION OR ACCOMMODATION?

[We are glad to afford one of the architects of the Finsbury shelter scheme which was lately rejected by the Home Office an opportunity of stating his case against the Government's policy.]

THE long-awaited statement of the Government's shelter policy, which has now been published in the Hailey Report (Stationery Office, 6*d*.) cannot but provoke the gravest misgivings. The Committee have disregarded the question of safety value, and based their judgments upon two entirely different standards. One, a most exacting not to say pedantic one, for bomb-proof shelters, which enables them to use the faintest shadow of risk or discomfort as ground for dismissing the whole idea; the other for the so-called "blast and splinter proof" forms of protection—lightheartedly optimistic to such an extent that they permit themselves to suggest the use of "sculleries and the like" as shelters in dangerous and crowded areas.

This method of approach runs like a thread through all the official pronouncements on the subject. Yet it is only too obvious that no satisfactory selection can ever be made on grounds of accessibility, comfort and amenity alone; these points must always be subservient to considerations of *protective value for money*. So long as the Government is

able to continue presenting the problem as one of a simple choice between various *forms* of shelter, round or square, deep or shallow, trenches or basements, "Anderson shelters" or underground car parks, the issue will remain confused, and no intelligent solution will be possible. Since the protection afforded by these different types is very far from being uniform —some of them are as much as 50 times as safe as others— it is impossible to judge them only from the purely architectural standpoint of their planning advantages and disadvantages.

In order to see the problem in its proper perspective it is essential to realise that every shelter is, in fact, a space enclosed by walls and a roof. If the shelter is above ground, it is exposed to the blast and splinter effects of bombs. If sunk in the ground, its walls have to resist the pressure of violent earth movements caused by explosions. In either case, it is self-evident that the safety of the shelter will depend upon the strength of its walls—the thicker they are, the nearer to them an explosion may occur without ill-effects. While a thin wall would be caved in by the effect of an explosion at a great distance, a very thick one would resist the force of all but the very nearest explosions. If the actual area occupied by the shelter is very small, the risk of bombs falling directly on to it will be negligible; thus a heavily protected roof is not an absolute essential in the case of very small shelters, and its role is relatively less important than that of the walls. The larger the shelter, the greater the chance of its being actually struck by a bomb, and therefore if large shelters are to be made safe they must be provided with a heavily protected roof in order to guard against the risk of bombs penetrating and exploding within the shelter itself. *Thus the protective value of* ANY *shelter may be analysed by an examination of the three elements, walls, roof and area.* Just as it is perfectly possible for any architect to design a house with walls sufficiently strong to resist any wind-pressure that may be expected, it is also within his power to design a structure whose walls would be strong enough to withstand the explosive effects of bombs, and to provide different degrees of resistance, ranging from almost nothing to complete bombproofness, simply by increasing the thickness of the material.

There is, of course, no reason why, say, an "Anderson" steel shelter should not be rendered practically bombproof by surrounding it with a 5ft. thick layer of reinforced concrete on all sides. Equally, a trench could be made bombproof by building its walls of thick reinforced concrete and decreasing its length to a minimum. Such expedients, however, would be economically unsound, and it is obvious that if a high degree of safety is to be provided, it can be done at a fraction of the cost per head in large bombproof shelters. The latter, however, have the disadvantage from a planning point of view, that their occupants must be drawn from a wide area. This disadvantage, however, cannot justify any sacrifice of safety; if it is considered to be an important one, the solution is not to fall back upon less safe but more easily accessible forms of shelter, but to spend more money in order that the same high degree of protection may be obtained in smaller units nearer home. That this is possible merely by manipulating the thickness of walls, roofs and the area, we have already shown.

The first step in evolving a national scheme of protection would surely be the division of the whole country into zones of greater or lesser danger, each with a definite minimum standard of safety prescribed for its shelters. Once this had been done, it could safely be left to local resources to determine which forms of shelter would best and most economically suit the local conditions, providing that the thickness of walls and roofs and the area of each shelter were such as to bring it within the desired limits of safety.

How far short the Hailey Report falls of any such scientific planning is perhaps best shown in that final admission of impotence to which it is reduced in its recommendation of the scullery or the bargain-basement as shelters, on the grounds that "anything which tends to make the public resort for refuge to familiar places is to be welcomed as tending to maintain morale and confidence."

Although almost every known form of shelter is capable of strengthening up to any desired degree of safety, there is one exception; for innumerable reasons, the strutted basement must be regarded as a thoroughly unsatisfactory form of shelter, and one which, in almost every case, must be condemned as absolutely unsuitable. Since it is precisely upon this form of shelter that the Government has chosen to bestow its especial blessing, it may be useful to examine in some detail its inherent disadvantages. On innumerable occasions Government spokesmen, and Sir John Anderson in particular, have stated that they are assured by "eminent engineering experts" that the strutted basement provides most satisfactory protection. Can it be that these experts are so eminent as to be exempt from the necessity of backing their opinions with reasoning? The safety of basements is surely not a matter of opinion but of fact. Any basement consists in essence of an excavated area over which is superimposed a building. It is generally conceded that the building offers no protection against the penetration of delayed-action bombs, which, as the experience of Spain has shown, will be generally used over urban areas, and which can easily pierce all the floors before exploding. Indeed, far from constituting any protection, the building above represents an added danger, owing to the risk from falling masonry, blocked exits, fire, burst pipes, escaping gas, and so on. It is true that the strutting the Government proposes may counteract some of these dangers, but, even if they are all completely disregarded, it does not claim to afford any protection whatever against the primary effects of bomb explosions. If, therefore, we leave out of account the secondary effects, a basement can *at best* be compared with a large open excavation, lightly protected at the sides by brick walls intended to resist no greater pressure than that exerted by the surrounding earth. Such a "shelter" compares most unfavourably with the simplest form of trench. There can be no doubt that a proposal to construct open-air shelters in the form of such large unprotected excavations, would be rejected by the authorities, and rightly so, on the grounds of its excessive vulnerability.

It is interesting to note that in the report of the Anderson Committee on Air Raid Shelters, published as a White Paper early this year, the question whether the Government's portable steel shelter should be placed inside or outside the house is examined in some detail. The Committee proceeds to give six excellent reasons why the shelter should *not* be placed within the house, every one of which is a strong argument against the construction of any form of shelter inside normal houses, and therefore, by implication, against the use of strutted basements.

References have frequently been made to tests carried out on basements, which Sir John Anderson has evidently found reassuring. However, no experiment can show anything more than the fact that the strutting of the particular basement under examination was sufficient to resist the weight of the falling debris. If we are to judge purely by experience, that of the Spanish war would seem to be an excellent guide. Here real bombardments have proved conclusively that even the most strongly constructed basements are unsafe.

These facts must be coupled with the almost insurmountable practical difficulties involved in the adaptation of basements on a national scale. An enormous amount of preparatory survey work would have to be undertaken in inspecting individual basements; for the carrying out of the work, no standardisation would be possible, and the degree of decentralisation would necessitate reliance on a very great number of people (who might or might not be dependable) for the improvisation of the measures to be taken in each case. Structural alterations carried out in confined space without proper access must always be difficult and expensive, especially where underpinning is involved. It is extremely difficult to build adequate secondary exits from existing basements, since they cannot be outside the confines of the building and are therefore very likely to be blocked. Sanitary accommodation must also be provided. Some means must be found of dealing

with windows, ventilators, and pavement lights. Finally, the carrying out of all this in peace-time would render almost every basement in the country useless for normal purposes, and at best provide mere accommodation. B. LUBETKIN

BLUEBELLS

THIS is the time of year at which the English race is divided into two camps—the friends and the enemies of the bluebell. Year by year the feeling between the two parties grows more intense. The friend of the bluebell, who is usually a little high-strung and emotional, denounces the bluebell-picker as little short of a murderer. "Whole tracts of these wild wood hyacinths," he declares, "are being massacred." Dr. Goebbels himself could not organise bitterer propaganda against an enemy than the friends of the bluebell set going every year against the bluebell-picker. Listening to them, you would gather that bluebell-picking was one of the vices of Attila. "Ravages," "wanton destruction," "predatory hordes"—this is the sort of language used about the seemingly innocent Sunday cyclist who comes home carrying a bunch of bluebells on his handlebar.

The enemies of the bluebell, for their part, are divided into two sections—those who do their best to exterminate the bluebell and those who defend those who do their best to exterminate the bluebell. They take as their slogan, "Each man kills the thing he loves," and at sight of a bluebell wood the temptation both to love and to kill becomes irresistible. They know—that is, if human beings learn from experience, which is doubtful—that a bluebell dies almost as soon as it is plucked, and, with this knowledge in their minds, they tear the flowers from the earth with what appears to their opponents to be the fury of blood-lust. No other flower is attacked with the same frenzy. The brilliant dandelion is left in peace by all but children, and it is unusual even to see a grown-up person gathering daisies. There is apparently something about the bluebell, as about the wild daffodil and the primrose, that incites human beings to special efforts of destructiveness. And the bluebell seems to have the worst effect on them of all.

Some people grow angry when these pickers of wild flowers are criticised. They hold that Nature can be trusted to look after herself, and that only busybodies and fools would wish to stop human beings from enjoying themselves in any way they please. If a wood is emptied of bluebells and filled with litter instead, they regard this simply as evidence that a large number of human beings have been happy. If they were logical, they would regard with equal satisfaction banana-skins lying on the pavement or empty beer-bottles thrown over the hedge into their gardens. Up to a point, I am in favour of other people being happy; but I rather agree with the members of the Save the Bluebells League that more people are made happy by the sight of bluebells growing than by the sight of bluebells dying on a bicycle handle. I can understand the bluebell-picker, however. Though grown up, he is still mentally an infant, and cannot see a beautiful thing without wanting to clutch it and make it his very own. A bird's egg, a butterfly, a flower—it is as natural to want to possess these things as it is to love them. Apart from this, the flower-picker feels that, in taking a bunch of bluebells home with him, he is taking the country into town and so prolonging his Sunday holiday into the week. He is a dreamer, a sentimentalist—much more sentimental than any member of the Anti-bluebell-picking Society—and his flowers, even when faded, are a symbol of the beauty that ravished him in the wood. Who is there who has never cherished a faded flower?

I should be inclined, then, to make allowance for this symbolic aspect of flower-picking and to permit every motorist or cyclist who wanted to take a symbol of the country home with him to pluck one bluebell—perhaps, two—but, at any rate, not more than three. After all, one bluebell is as good a symbol of the country as a thousand, and love should not be allowed to degenerate into greed, whether in regard to food or in regard to flowers. But a restriction like this, it may be objected, could never be enforced without a special law and the help of the police. Well, I should be in favour of a special law and making use of the police. I should not call them police, however. I should select a number of powerful policemen and policewomen and disguise them as Flower Wardens who would ride about the country in Robin Hood and Maid Marian costumes on motor-bicycles on the look-out for cases of excessive bluebell-picking. At first, I think, it should be their function to warn rather than to punish. It would be no harm for one season for them to try the effect of going through the woods and talking to people about the beauties of Nature and handing out leaflets with such titles as *There's No Sense In It*, *Guard Your Bluebells*, and *You Are Now In the Garden of England: Why Destroy It?*

The fundamental argument against excessive bluebell-picking is, indeed, that, as a result of the invention of the bicycle and the motor-car, England has in recent years become more or less everybody's garden. In the old days, it mattered very little how many flowers people picked, for in most districts there were comparatively few people to pick them. Much the same thing was true of birds' eggs. Nature's abundance was still more than enough to counter man's greed. I do not know whether there is any instance before the nineteenth century of the disappearance of any species of flower or bird or butterfly owing to the activities of human beings. To-day, however, it can hardly be doubted that, if the collector and picker are allowed a free hand, a number of flowers, birds and butterflies are likely to be exterminated. This has already been recognised by Parliament, and a law for the protection of birds is in force. To our grandfathers this would probably have appeared sentimental nonsense. They would have resented being branded as criminals for stealing a bird's eggs and would have regarded this as a gross interference with the liberty of the subject. While Nature is lavish, man destroys with a light heart. In America there was a time when he felt that in destroying trees he was advancing civilisation. Gamekeepers still live in the destructive spirit of earlier centuries. Later, when people came to realise the possibility that, instead of there being a superabundance of trees and flowers and birds and butterflies in the world, there might soon be a dearth of these things, public opinion swung round and began to think in terms, not of destruction, but of preservation.

To-day, men insist on the preservation even of wild beasts. How incredible it would once have seemed to forbid a man to shoot a lion! Yet nowadays many people dread the disappearance of the lion as though the world would never be the same without him. I have no doubt that the boa-constrictor has friends who would mourn over his exit from the earthly scene. There may yet come a day when the rat, most friendless of the animals, will have a society for his protection, and the mosquito, most friendless of the insects, will be cherished like the Camberwell Beauty.

The truth is, a world populated only by human beings and domestic animals—a world in which no wild animal moved, no wild bird sang, no wild flower grew, and no insect was to be seen—would seem to most of us a horrible world and little better than a desert. Should we even like to see the wasp exterminated? I should hesitate before casting my vote. I should certainly not vote for the extinction of a single wild flower. I do not like the look or the smell of some wild flowers, but I like them to be there and to know what they are. The variety of the spectacle of the world and its living and growing things, it will be generally admitted, is the source of one of the most satisfying pleasures of life—a pleasure the loss of which would deprive us of as much happiness as would the loss of the pleasure of reading or of listening to music.

Hence, it is a good thing for the alarmists to warn us that we may lose this varied spectacle if we are not careful, and that, in order to preserve it, we must learn to behave in woods and country places as ungreedily as we behave in a London park.

After all, in Hyde Park or St. James's Park, even children of six can enjoy looking at the daffodils and hyacinths and tulips without being seized by an uncontrollable instinct to pluck them. A sentimentalist, noting their pleasure, must often feel that it is a cruel world which forbids little children to stretch out their hands and fill their arms with the flowers and carry them home in rapture. The realist, however, though he approves of the kindliness of the sentimentalist's thought, sees that, if flower-picking were allowed in the parks, the beauty of no flower-bed would last longer than a day and the public gardens of London would become a wilderness.

It would be absurd, of course, to pretend that flower-picking could cause the same devastation in the country as in a London park. At the same time, a good deal of devastation can be done in a bluebell wood on a fine Sunday, and there does not seem much point in destroying a landscape merely because you think it enchantingly beautiful. It is especially absurd because, outside the wood, the bluebells are no longer beautiful or at least not one-tenth so beautiful as they were in the wood. Sentiment says " Pluck them." Commonsense says : " Leave them alone." In this matter I am on the side of commonsense.

Y. Y.

SEEDS OF LOVE

[*Acknowledgments to Macdonald and Tate*]

The British Ambassador, Sir William Seeds, had another talk with the Foreign Commissar, M. Litvinoff.—Moscow wire, *Daily Telegraph*, April 22nd.

VERSE

Loving hearts are sundered in London and Berlin
Discords mar love's sweet refrain ;
Chamberlain is striving coy Stalin's heart to win
As he tells the old, old story once again.
Though he feel dismay at true love's delay
And the steppes are freezing hard,
His tender questionnaire
Is heard upon the air
In tones of almost diffident regard :

CHORUS

" If I should plant my tiny Seeds of love
In the garden of your heart,
Would they grow to be a great big pact one day
And frighten the Axis right away,
Would you trust in me as far as you could see,
Ideologies apart,
If I should plant my tiny Seeds of love
In the garden of your heart ? "

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

CÉZANNE WILL TAKE THE COLLECTION

AN exhibition of paintings by the great artist Paul Cézanne, which is being held at Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft's gallery in Bruton Street, costs a shilling (2*s.* on Wednesday and Thursday) to get in. This will go to the rebuilding fund for St. George's Hospital. For another shilling one can buy the admirable catalogue in which all the 23 pictures are reproduced and their dates and provenance quoted. The exhibition is carefully balanced and well chosen. The pictures represent with one exception (for there is no example here of Cézanne's early romantic compositions) all phases of Cézanne's art ; at the same time they are unhackneyed examples for only five of them have previously been exhibited in England.

A surprising aspect of Cézanne's work is its variety. His relentless integrity never allowed him to settle in to any one style, but pressed always farther and beyond. Cézanne's pictures are never just pictures, thrown off because he knew how to do them, they are landmarks of a lifelong struggle to find an expression of his deep poetical apprehension of nature. One can see here the steps by which the wild rebellious student became the plodding impressionist, then the rigid puritan of Aix, and finally, for his last six years, the most astonishing lyrical artist the world has seen. It is hard to imagine a lover of pictures who seeing this show could not be seduced by the power of this, the tenderness of that, the wonderful colour and intensity of them all. The earliest picture shown is the *Negro Scepion*, a dark picture three feet six tall, painted in the rich paste of Courbet, but showing already at the age of 28 that superb gift for organising colour which raises him above all other Impressionists. In this as in the self-portrait painted nine years later (in which one feels something of the vigour of Rembrandt's handling) the true Cézanne reveals himself, immature but heroic. It is this vigour, this joy in a luscious paint, these same fireworks which were to emerge again so surprisingly in 1900. But the route was devious. The exquisite portrait of Madame Cézanne (belonging to Matisse) is in a slower method with thin paint and hard outline. Five years later Madame Cézanne has developed into a formidable matron of the middle class. La Boule, as Cézanne called her, was growing a determined square jaw, " She loves nothing but Switzerland and lemonade," wrote Cézanne. Nevertheless, *Madame Cézanne au Fauteuil Jaune* 1892, is one of the masterpieces of this period. Impeccably hard in line, impeccably just in tone, it has dynamic power in its simple colour harmony of jaded crimson, yellow ochre and blueish grey which would be incredible if Cézanne had not done it so often. Compared with this monumental work, even the work of Ingres becomes a little superficial and meretricious. And Cézanne's words : " I must not try to finish anything except for the pleasure of making it wiser and more true," become a standard of censure which only the very greatest painters could uphold.

Hanging beside this portrait is a small flower piece of a slightly earlier date which seems to sum up his marvellous understanding of colour. There is a previously unknown inevitability about the way greens of foliage grow out of the green flower pot, and the orange in the flowers picks up the oranges on the table. The picture moves like a living thing. The exhibition includes a full dress of still life of '83, sober, rich and solid, which makes a good foil for the *Nature Morte a la Théière* 1900, where the representation of a teapot, a few oranges and a faded curtain becomes a symbol of the terrifying force of nature. In landscape there is an even greater choice, the delicate riches of the *Petit Pont* or the view on the Marne, the incredible complexity of the view through trees at Estaque and the blonde perfection of the *Allée a Chantilly* or *Environs de Gardanne*. But here again the climax is reached late in life—with the magnificent *Chateau Noir* painted in 1904. Here, as in his *Portrait de Vallier* 1906, one sees his art as a phenomenon which parallels nature in its wealth and surprisingness. The youthful Cézanne thought himself a visionary as he struggled to reproduce the singing movement of the great Venetians. Old and in failing health, he proved himself, when in the dusty suburbs of Aix he made that landscape pour ecstatically across his canvas in a torrent of undescribable splendour. If painting has any power to express the struggles, miseries and yearnings of spiritual man, surely here it is. It is hard to imagine that this pitch could ever be approached again, let alone equalled.

If then the pictures of Cézanne are flowers which spring from the conflict of a great and noble soul, is it not a little strange to see them here as merchandise ; to see a tragic life culminating 30 years later with his head on a postage stamp, his pictures as a draw in smart-alec Bruton Street. What fresh humiliation could be added after the vulgarisation by the Fauves misunderstanding by Cubists, commercialisation by snobs, but to dress this quaint fierce little old man up in horribly *shi shi* garments as an attraction for a fashionable charity. Indignation is perhaps out of place. As things are

we must be, and I am, grateful to Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft for allowing us to see these splendid pictures. But I cannot help looking for the time when it will be understood that great pictures are a part of knowledge and that knowledge belongs to the human race. GRAHAM BELL

JUNGLE-RED NAILS

LAST week I wrote about an American play—and by the way I made a mistake, the cast of *Mice and Men* included more English actors than I thought; this week I went to *The Women*, by Clare Booth. This is better described as a New York play—there is a difference—where it had a great success.

Now the commonest qualities which insure success in that city, though theatre-goers in New York are much wider in their responses than in London, often taking into favour plays far too searching to go down here, are "snap" speed, wit and a cynicism in presenting character which is in part highly respectable and in part a merry acceptance of vulgarity as a matter of course which to my mind is not.

This is a typical "New York" play. It is not so good as *Dinner at Eight*, but it is a clever entertainment. There is not enough desirable life in it. You enjoy it while you are watching and listening, but when you come out of the theatre you feel none the better for having seen it. It is true that women, and the cast contains forty women and not one single male, may carry away with them a wisecrack or two worth treasuring—for instance, "Never marry a man who has deserted a good woman." Women, too, may learn a thing or two about themselves in relation to man and to each other worth keeping in mind. Women do not come out well in *The Women*. It is rather hard on them that the males, whose presence is only felt through the telephone or in the gossip of the women among themselves, never appear, for it is more than probable that if they did they would not do so to advantage either. But there it is. We only watch and hear "the women" talk, and they for the most part are intolerable, while the "good" one is a fool. The better sort have little to endear them beyond a capacity of seeing that she is one and telling her so. The judgments of the playwright on her sex are reflected in the character of a clever woman novelist, who makes a living by describing them and their love-affairs with amusing bitterness. What sticks out of them all is that they are empty-headed, helpless and selfish and that they are in a highly precarious position because they have to be carried by men *to whom they are not necessary*—in this sense, at any rate, that one of them is just as useless as another. Each can be swapped, if not with advantage, at any rate without serious loss. Feeling this in their bones, "the women" are in ruthless competition with each other beneath their catty endearments; and nothing gives them more satisfaction than dislodging each other from their temporarily safe niches. They spend their lives between malicious gossip, bridge-parties and beauty parlours. These torture chambers make amusing scenes on the stage). They all have "jungle-red nails." Even the good wife, Mary, acquires them, though, poor thing, she never dreamt that *she*, so happily married, would use them.

Let us examine the position of Mary. She and Stephen Haines have been married twelve or thirteen years. They are rich; they have two children. Their happiness is an eyesore to such women as Sylvia Fowler and Mrs. Phelps Potter. (These characters, and Mary too, are impersonated perfectly. I am not going to praise the acting, with one exception, beyond saying that it is uniformly and consistently excellent.) Well, one day Stephen went to buy a bottle of scent for Mary on her birthday, and he was vamped by Crystal Allen, the young woman in the shop. She became his kept mistress. Sylvia Howard, knowing that the beauty-parlour is the central exchange of gossip, sends Mary to acquire her "jungle nails" at that very establishment; and there Mary hears during the polishing process of Crystal's triumph in annexing the wealthy and attractive Mr. Haines. She is naturally deeply troubled and she sends for her mother. The moment that experienced woman comes into the room she asks what Stephen has been up to. Then she asks her daughter two questions: Did you find this out yourself and have you told Stephen? Mary replies "Yes" to the first, and "No" to the second. Then her mother asks her a third question: "Have you noticed any change in Stephen towards you? Has he been less of a loving husband? She has not. Then says her mother, for Heaven's sake don't challenge his fidelity, and above all things don't confide in your friends. Come away with me for a cruise. The affair with that woman will fizzle out; the last thing Stephen wants is to lose you and break up his home. He is not tired of *you*, he is tired of *himself*. Exactly the same thing happened between your father and me. At a certain age men and women are apt to have a violent craving to explore experience in another direction. They get tired of themselves in relation to the same environment, however much they value it—life itself is slipping away. It is regrettable, but they need some new stimulus and to live with a fresh zest. Women often get it by changing the house from top to bottom and the colour of their hair. Men can't get it that way, and—there are always Crystals lying in wait. Be sensible; trust; take no notice. But on the return from the voyage Mary cannot resist confronting Crystal (to the latter's secret joy) and having it out with Stephen. What passed between husband and wife we hear through the distorted mocking account of an eavesdropping maid, who describes in the kitchen what was in reality, no doubt, a muddled pathetic talk between two people who, because their relations had been so good, think now they have been irretrievably ruined. This reported scene is the cleverest and most penetrating passage in the play. It is a brilliant piece of off-stage drama. When Mary asked Stephen, do you love me, he replied with emphasis "yes," but when she asked him do you love *her*, he was silent. The cook's comment on his silence is "The man who will find out how to explain that he can love two women at the same time deserves that prize they are always giving away in Sweden." Down comes the curtain on this second scene of the second act. There are altogether twelve scenes in the three acts of the play and each scene ends with a "wisecrack"; sometimes good, sometimes empty, but good for a laugh. There is plenty of "snap" in *The Women*.

The Haines pair drift into a divorce which neither wants in a spirit of loyalty and homage, as it were, to the seriousness of the relation between them. The scene shifts to an hotel in Reno where Mary and other women are getting their divorces, among them the odious and now disgusted Sylvia Fowler, whose husband had laid a little trap to get rid of her. How Mary's face lights up when she hears Stephen's voice in a long distance call from New York! Her divorce is just through, but there is always a chance of reconciliation and merely to know he is thinking of her is an inestimable comfort. But the voice only tells her that he married Crystal at twelve that day, the moment he knew he was legally free—no doubt to convince himself that he had not wrecked his marriage for nothing, but for something serious. How *that* marriage turns out, the next scene, showing Crystal in a foam-bath in her fantastic bathroom and telephoning to a lover, proves to the eyes, even before we hear her talking to Sylvia Fowler and afterwards to her young step-daughter. It is then that she utters the aphorism I quoted above about marrying a man you have taken away from a good woman. How Mary, two years later, explodes a mine under Crystal and (presumably) remarries her willing husband I need not tell.

The last scene is the weakest and there is no criticism of life in it; in the rest of this scornful, quick-flashy, unexhilarating play there is. You cannot help noticing that the only tolerable women in it, with the possible exception of the colourless Mary, are those who earn a living instead of being paid for by men. It is not due to any social theory on the author's part that they should be superior to the idle, money-wanting women as the chambermaid at the Reno Hotel, the tough girl who has known poverty and gets Sylvia Fowler's husband,

the Haines' cook, Stephen's capable secretary undoubtedly are. But these women, being in touch with realities, whatever their natures, are not such fools. The secretary has, by the way, something significant to say when she brings some business papers for Mary to sign—not of course to Mary herself. She admits that she adores Stephen with a distant devotion and remarks that however often he changes his wives at least she is safe; he won't divorce her for she is a real help to him in life.

I said that in spite of the high level of the acting throughout, so uniformly good that it would be invidious to pick out five or six interpreters, I must, nevertheless, mention one. She is the much-married Russian. Miss Catherine Doucet plays that dilapidated, blousy, feckless part with a sense of comedy and a skill which has stamped on my memory, I expect for years, the sordid, soft, ridiculous person of the Countess de Lage. DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE MOVIES

"La Bête Humaine," at the Paris.
"Wuthering Heights," at the Gaumont.
"They Made Me a Criminal," lately at the Warner.
"The Four Feathers," at the Odeon.

The railway sequences in *La Bête Humaine* are a knock-out. The camera is mounted in front of the engine, the sound, instead of being dubbed in afterwards, recorded on the spot. On the wide screen of London's handsome new Continental cinema the result is a superlatively exciting and beautiful spectacle enriched by the entire gamut of sounds that make up the life of the permanent way: trains tearing and screaming through the sunny countryside, trains burrowing through tunnels towards the pinprick of light with a muffled but redoubled roar, trains clanking and wheezing in the temporary repose of the junction. In basing a film on Emile Zola's famous novel, Jean Renoir has almost produced a documentary of the French railway system—a fact which would certainly have delighted that scrupulously accurate author. The story, of homicidal sexual mania springing from drunken heredity, is one which a modern writer would treat with some reference to psycho-analysis. As presented in this film, it is perhaps a little bare, too little balanced by normality, occasionally intense rather than tense. The acting is brilliant. Jean Gabin is Lantier, the engine-driver, haunted by the knowledge of his maniacal urge to kill what he most loves; Simone Simon is Séverine, the wife of a jealous sub-stationmaster. The scene in which the latter murders his wife's elderly lover in an almost empty night train is photographed with masterly dramatic power; and there is a most subtle and uncommon passage of dialogue between Lantier and Séverine in which he begs her to tell him what her feelings were while the crime was being committed. If it does not remain on this level, *La Bête Humaine* is a memorable achievement of the French cinema. It is full of those touches of observation and character which leave no dead corners in a French movie: I have only space to mention the conductor of the band at the railway employés' ball. It is unfortunate that considerations of length persuaded M. Renoir to abandon the story without telling us what happened to the two characters suspected of the murder on the train; and it is difficult to see how any director could resist Zola's ending with the express travelling blind at enormous speed through the night. "Sans conducteur, au milieu des ténèbres, en bête aveugle et sourde qu'on aurait lâchée parmi la mort, elle roulait, elle roulait, chargée de cette chair à canon, de ces soldats, déjà hébétés de fatigue, et ivres, qui chantaient." Hollywood would hardly have missed that.

For a few moments it seemed as though *Wuthering Heights* were going to do justice to the dark power of the novel. The ghost at the window was suggested with tact and imagination, and in Mr. Olivier's desolate appeal to the dead woman to enter there was both passion and poetry. But when she did come, she came in the guise of Miss Merle Oberon, and a more unfortunate piece of casting could scarcely be imagined. This is a girl nurtured not by Ellen Dean, but by Roedean, redolent of tennis clubs, whist drives and the whole world of twentieth century upper middle-class gentility. With such a partner even Mr. Olivier fails to sustain the excitement of his opening. Everything is much too grand: Wuthering Heights too big, the Lintons' establishment positively palatial, the scenery Alpine. But the real trouble is the dullness, flatness and reverence that pervade the entire narrative; only Flora Robson as Ellen Dean reveals in every look and intonation her conviction that these are strange, wild, fiery happenings and not just boy-fails-to-get-girl. Some of the Hecht and McArthur dialogue is limply modern; and nothing is more typical of the routine unimaginativeness of the production than the music which oozes from the screen in a perpetual stream of Straussian lusciousness, except for the brief moment of Miss Oberon's ablutions when it suddenly changes its style to suggest a seaside tea-lounge *circa* 1928. The film is hopelessly polite and banal: Wuthering Depths, I'm afraid.

They Made Me a Criminal is the sort of film one tells one's intellectual friends to see; whereupon they go, and return sadly shaking their heads. The story is certainly conventional; but it provides unusual and finely photographed scenes on an Arizona date-ranch, and performances of stunning excellence from John Garfield and the Dead End Kids. Above all it swarms with American life at its rawest and most vigorous; and I for one ask nothing better than that.

Judged by the modest standards of death-or-glory melodrama, *The Four Feathers* seemed to me inferior to *The Drum* and even to *Gunga Din;* while as a psychological study of cowardice and courage it can hardly be said to exist. The opening scenes do convey something of young Harry Faversham's fear and loneliness among his fire-eating relatives, and the monumental figure of C. Aubrey Smith is a powerful inducement to belief in the narrative. But the scenes between Harry and his fiancée are absurdly wooden, nor are they helped by the lukewarm performances of John Clements and June Duprez. In the Sudan things are certainly more lively, but they are also much less comprehensible. A good performance comes from Ralph Richardson, and there is one memorable scene: the gathering of vultures on a scene of battle, breaking the desert silence with their harsh and menacing cry. For the rest, hordes of sepia figures in bath-towels surged continually across the screen and back again, and all was confusion, improbability, mystification, and loose ends. There were "sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad . . . Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its nature, its cause, and its undecipherable issue." Precisely. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Candida," at the Westminster

Candida is the only play of Shaw's that comes from the heart, the only play in which love is not made an obstruction and woman a puppet of the life force. Consequently, it dates: nothing dates like the heart. The London Mask Theatre production gave us a sumptuous Victorian setting: plush mantelpiece, decorated overmantel, velvet curtains, antimacassars, prim arm-chairs. Mr. Peter Marchbanks, as the young poet, stepped straight out of the 'nineties. The Rev. James Nevis Morell's Fabianism took us back to early pre-war days. It was perfectly in period, and it made a moving performance. The clash between poet and parson was well worked out; Candida herself was charming and elusive. And special praise should go to Mr. Julius Mitchell as Mr. Burgess: one of Shaw's best comedy parts. His timid motion, his suspicion

that everyone else in the house is mad, his roseate comfortable villainy were exactly right. And lastly, Miss Rita Daniel at the typewriter makes a perfect Prossy. One could hardly hope to have Shaw better done than this.

Little Revue, Little Theatre.

Except that it is a shade too long (cars, 11.50), Mr. Farjeon's revue could hardly be better. One noticed the old-young countenance of Mr. Noel Coward during the interval; this new show was reminding him no doubt of his own early intimate revues. Mr. Farjeon's sketches are witty. A skit on the vice policy of the *Mirror* and the purity campaign of the *Sketch* opens the show brightly; thereafter we are treated to skits on plays running in London, an afternoon in hydropathic Torquay, an umbrella ballet, a hit at Glyndebourne. Perhaps the best single lines in the show is Miss Joyce Grenfell's brilliant Sunday afternoon address on Useful and Acceptable Gifts. Miss Hermione Baddeley is charming. The music is gay.

"Carrie and Cleopatra," at the Torch Theatre

Carrie and Cleopatra is Mr. H. E. Bates' first full-length play and shows all the faults and virtues one might expect in the early dramatic excursions of an accomplished novelist. The play's most important weakness is its superabundance of plot. Where the average competent playwright spins out one thin thread with the admirable if boring persistence of Bruce's spider, Mr. Bates overwhelms us with enough psychological conflicts to provide the plots for half a dozen novels. First, we see Sentiment *v.* Security, in the persons of two ageing spinsters in a great Victorian house, who quarrel bitterly over the disposal of dead father's trousers or the ethics of buying armament shares. In the second round, we have Security *v.* Adventure; in the third, Art *v.* Business; and in the fourth, Liberal capitalism *v.* a New World. In between the main bouts are several minor skirmishes involving sex, independence, social ethics and all the difficult relationships between the two spinsters, an idealistic builder and his hard-headed misfit children. The curtain finally falls to a bankruptcy and the mournful responses of two Chekovian bailiffs. So much for the debit side; to credit is clever characterisation, crisp dialogue and a number of admirable jokes. Mr. Bates' characters talk as interminably as Shaw's, but they succeed in staying entertaining, and retain their separate individualities above all the welter of conflicting ideas they have to represent. Unlike many dramatists, Mr. Bates knows how to write, and with drastic but quite simple reconstruction *Carrie and Cleopatra* might become an effective play instead of a series of effective incidents. The success of the evening owed a good deal to the excellence of the acting. It is always difficult to particularise in such circumstances, but Mr. Arthur Young as the builder and Miss Elizabeth Maude as his sexy mathematician daughter stood out brilliantly from the rest of the cast, and that is saying a good deal. If only Mr. Bates had fewer ideas or more space to express them in.

"Alexander Nevski" at the Film Society

After ten years Eisenstein returns to the screen with the best film for years. It is the delight once again to see massive skies above a narrow strip of land, manoeuvring and melting crowds, faces such as we never encounter except in the Russian epic. And this time Eisenstein's brilliant pictorial drama is helped by Prohofiev's music: the tremendous orchestration of bells, tubes, Mongolian flutes and tambourines, such as one has not heard since the days of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*. Most of the film depicts a magnificent battle in the thirteenth-century war between the Russians and the invading Huns. It is marvellously actual and exciting: enough to raise Griffiths in his tomb. The cavalry charge over the frozen lake, the tortoise formation thrusts back wave after wave of attackers, the archers make a breach, the black axe-swinging footmen pour in Cherkasov, as the legendary hero Nevski, is a dazzling Viking. He rides and strides gigantic skies. The scene at the end when the Huns are swallowed up in the cracking ice is exciting; so too are the shots of the darkening battlefield on which the wounded wait assistance. This is one of the best films that have come here from Russia.

Lener Quartet, at Queen's Hall,

The London music festival, inaugurated by Sir Thomas Beecham on Sunday, was continued by the Lener Quartet in the first of two concerts, at Queen's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The programme included Quartet in B flat (K 458), Sextet in D major, and Quartet in C major (K 465). It is sometimes said against the Lener that they bring too much French polish to their performances of the classics, but better playing than was heard on Tuesday would be difficult to imagine. The lovely, familiar "The Hunt" was followed by the Sextet with its two minuets, and the programme ended with the magnificent C major Quartet, in which the Lener surpassed themselves. But why, in the programme note, describe as "deeply pessimistic" the music of the first movement which strikes one as being filled with a profound and gentle joy? Such comment is meaningless; and one resents paying a shilling in order to read it. The second concert by the Lener Quartet, on Thursday evening, will include Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," a quintet by Arnold Bax, and Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, by Beethoven.

Graphic Art of H. Dunoyer de Segonzac at Wildensteins

The drawings, etchings and occasional full-dress water-colours which compose this exhibition are elegant, brilliant, French and utterly genial. M. de Segonzac has a quick nervous line which never becomes mechanical. Not one of the prints or drawings is dead or undistinguished; not one, on the other hand, attains great heights. By standards which conceive of art as research into actualities, they fail often. There is in them a quality of *elan*, a swinging robustness which tends to brush and scratch its way round difficulties. It is an art of pleasurable reactions and at its best in the country. M. de Segonzac has chosen or has been chosen (both, I suppose, are true) to illustrate the Georgies. It is a wise choice. Vintages and harvests, the quais of Paris round about the Institut and the Pont des Arts, the impressionist suburbs of Bougival and Marly, these are his happiest hunting-grounds. His sketches are an end in themselves, and he does brilliantly well what many attempt and few, if any, other than he succeed in doing at all.

Paintings by Claude Monet at Tooth's

Monet was one of the first impressionists to have a worldly success. In this he resembles Turner, and both are to-day often taken far too much for granted. One is inclined to propose that while paintings of mists do well while mists are in fashion, after a while all mists begin to look the same. In this way much injustice is done and many excellent pictures, full of subtlety and downright good drawing, are passed over as being "just Monet" or "just Turner." At Tooth's there is a fine selection of Monets, early and late. One must admire the breadth and boldness which is characteristic from the very beginning. The snow scene of a suburban road and the stranded fishing boat have a size and comfortable assurance about them which makes Pissarro and Sisley seem almost niggling by comparison. It is indeed no surprise to anyone who has seen Monet's work, whether it is snow scenes at Vethveil, visions of the Cote d'Azur or of Normandy or even the ultimate glorified cotton wool, to read that he was a generous and open-hearted friend. His talent was enormous, his figure large and friendly, all he lacked was the illness, the motive maggot of neuroticism, that thing indeed that Cézanne liked to call *temperrament*.

Drawings for Children, Wertheim Gallery
Children's Drawings, Guildhall

Among those who have drawn for children at the Wertheim, there is a pavement artist and a bus driver. Their work is exactly what children understand and do themselves. Highly coloured, imaginative, badly drawn: we have only to pass on to the exhibition at the Guildhall to see how close the old naïve is to the new. It can't be said that either of the Wertheim discoveries is a Douanic's Rousseau, but they stimulate and they entertain. Mr. Burton's free fancy paints a world of apocalypse and jungle, fairy tale and allegory. Some may have seen his pictures already at Frognal where he used the pavement. There are, besides, at the Wertheim a number of charming and sensitively seen horses by Mr. H. S. Rust. His "Tired Horse" is admirable in feeling and design. One notices too a very pretty tiger.

At the Guildhall, there is a wealth of children's work. If one picks out Miss Audrey Armstrong's "The Bathers" as the most attractive picture of the exhibition it is only that she, being older, uses a firmer technique than her younger colleagues. "Poverty," by Miss —— of Finchley, is impressively blank. There are tube station, air raids, changing rooms, ships, parents' heads: the

whole world of the child. These pictures contrast oddly with the permanent academic collection on the Guildhall's walls.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, April 30th—
Dr. Karl Mannheim: "The Psychological and Sociological Approach to the Understanding of Man," Conway Hall, 11.
S.C.R. May Festival Concert, Queen's Hall, 3.15.
Beatrice King: "U.S.S.R. 1939," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
MONDAY, May 1st—
Opening of International Season of Opera, Covent Garden.
TUESDAY, May 2nd—
Ambrose Appelbe: "The Landlord and Tenant's Act," Housing Centre Lunch, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1, 1. Non-members, 1s.
R. St. Barbe Baker: "Forestry Camps of America," Kensington Town Hall, 8.
Hampstead Peace Council Meeting. Speakers: H. N. Brailsford, Earl of Listowel, Miss M. Moxon, D. N. Pritt. Town Hall, Hampstead, 8.15.
Dr. John Rickman: "The Individual and the Group," 96 Gloucester Place, 8.30.
Mozart's "Idomeneo," Cambridge University Musical Society production, Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Till May 6th.
"Third Party Risk," St. Martin's.
WEDNESDAY, May 3rd—
M. Raphaël Alibert: "Le Rôle du Conseil d'Etat," University College, 5.30.
"The Intruder," Wyndhams.
FRIDAY, May 5th—
Four One-Act Plays: "King of Spain's Daughter," "The Mask," "The Helpmate," "Tinker's Wedding," Torch Theatre.
Midnight Film Show and Variety in aid of Spanish Relief, Everyman, Hampstead, 11.30.
SATURDAY, May 6th—
National Council for Civil Liberties. Week-end Conference, Old Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield. Subject: "Justice in England."

Correspondence

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Some of the advocates of conscription of manhood are enough to damn any cause. I refer particularly to those people who are concerned mainly with playing off serving soldiers against munition workers and who cover up these shabby tactics by an obscure reference to conscription of wealth. This conscription of wealth turns out to be nothing more than priority for Government orders, orders which are to provide the "normal" profits of every business man's dream.

There is a simple and perfectly feasible scheme for applying all-round conscription in war time. The Government would assume powers over all labour and property. Citizens would be paid flat incomes at the rate of say £200 per annum for a typical family of man, wife and two children, with appropriate additions or subtractions for larger or smaller families. The only non-labour incomes paid would be to the aged and disabled. No rents would be paid and no remuneration would accrue to property of any description. The net earnings of all businesses after payment of the labour incomes would be paid into Government accounts at the joint stock banks. Thus the purchasing power at the command of individuals would permit only the acquisition of rationed necessities and the resources required for the conduct of the war would be automatically released for Government service. There would be no need to levy central or local taxation in monetary form, there would be no general rise in prices and above all no necessity to add one penny to the National Debt. The economy would be that of a siege economy and the equalitarian state would take its stand against the totalitarian. The only impracticable feature of this scheme is that it would be sabotaged at the outset by the well-to-do professional and business classes.

G. L. SCHWARTZ

London, N.2.

UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—As a result of two exciting articles which Mr. Keynes wrote last week for the *Times*, a number of people are going about saying there will be no more unemployment. This is certainly misleading and probably untrue. First, Mr. Keynes never gave that impression; he said that increased spending would absorb about a million more men. That would leave still a million on the register. Secondly, and equally important, there is reason to believe that the actual effect of Government orders on unemployment will not be so great as is supposed.

The expansion takes place in a relatively restricted number of industries. Some of these have already experienced acute labour shortage, others will shortly be in that position. But one of the more important lessons to be learned from the history of recent years is surely that acute labour shortage can exist side by side with acute unemployment. When unemployment is of a special nature—of intense localisation and intense duration—the economists' doctrine of the multiplier no longer works, or only lamely. Admittedly the huge increase in the national wages bill in the next twelve months will stimulate consumption goods industries and the distributive trades, but they have been stimulated before, with small effect on unemployment. Moreover, the "hard core" (and what a huge core this apple has!) is not confined to the distressed areas. What, to take a trivial instance, will Government orders do for the thousands of china clay workers in Cornwall? What of the many unemployed general labourers in London's suburbs? I know some of these, and I know that it would take a gigantic multiplier to reabsorb them into the productive system.

In Germany the solution was wholly otherwise. During 1933-4 the Nazis concentrated on roads, labour camps and military service—in other words, on things which any man could join in, however specialised his previous training, however awkward his place of residence, however run down his physical condition. That was the essence. They could not have eradicated unemployment had they leapt straight into the armaments phase as we are doing.

Apart from the ruthless alternative of labour conscription, chronic unemployment must be dealt with by special measures. It requires a type of expansion specially planned to reabsorb certain classes and age groups of men. It will not yield to a mild general boom nor probably—though the happenings of the coming months may disprove this—to the sudden expansion of particular industries. Unfortunately the national effort will be so exclusively directed to war preparations, presumably until the next war breaks out, that no Government will have time or energy to develop such schemes as would employ the unemployables. What we define as

unemployable depends almost as much on the nature as on the intensity of the demand for labour; and even quite frenzied war preparations may fail to bring the registered number of the unemployed under seven figures.

217, Queensway, P. LAMARTINE YATES
West Wickham, Kent.

APATHY & LEADERSHIP

SIR,—Mr. Tom Harrisson writes to the point on our political apathy and lack of a leadership which would take the trouble to instruct. But that either of these is responsible for the other it is hard to say. Surely they are both symptoms of the same failing—a refusal to be interested in how best to run our own national and civic affairs. It is clear that the men and women on our borough and urban councils are not always those whose keenest desire is a clean and economical framework for our community life. Business and occasionally professional interests predominate. Why don't the best men come forward to serve? Mainly, I suggest, because our educational system is designed to fit our youth for self-service, for the after-school scramble for jobs. We are unable to subscribe to the old Athenian boast, that "we alone consider a man who takes no part in public affairs as not merely lazy, but useless," and that "all of us are eminently capable, if not of devising plans of action, at least of judging them fairly."

The remedy lies in school, where we allow the children of England to grow up ignorant of the constitutional safeguards of liberty and the democratic provision for government by the people which we undoubtedly possess. In the study of law there are two advantages. There is the knowledge of the principle that Right is best protected by popular legislation, and, more important, practice in categorical thinking which operates by paring away the irrelevancies of any particular case and by driving at the hard core of fact. Such an early training would produce people's champions not so unfortunately trained in the present limited Trade Union ideals of more pay and shorter hours as many Labour leaders are. It could be continued in after-life by making local Benches tribunals of the people on which places were taken by rota—our Justices of the Peace are relics from the days before popular education—and there is no reason why local councils should not be made up in the same way. The Athenians did it successfully in a town no smaller than many of ours. Remove the deficiencies of our educational system and the barriers to office, and we shall find not merely an honest leadership but also a response to it. HARRY BROADBENT

16 St. Hilda's Terrace, Whitby, Yorks.

MODERN FOLK SONG

SIR,—Arising out of Mr. Turner's article in your last issue, may I appeal for some of the political chants now in existence to be saved from oblivion? There are a good many which for obvious reasons have not been printed, but which make excellent entertainment and activity for groups and gatherings which would like to sing something with rather more bearing on current events than *Lillibullero*. As it is, we far too often find the tantalising situation that the only member of the company who knows the words of *Harry Pollitt Went to Heaven*, or *My Name It Is Alfred*, or the Front Populaire's version of the *Carmognole*—to take the first three examples which occur to me—either does not know the tune or is unfortunately incapable of rendering it in a manner which anyone else can recognise.

Obviously, the job of really preserving and collating these modern efforts at folk-song is one for a musician. In the meantime, however, if anyone interested would care to send me the words of any such songs (with an indication of the tune, where possible) I can assure him that they would be treasured, copied, and used where most appreciated. MARGARET I. COLE

Freeland, Holders Hill Road, Hendon, N.W.4.

P.S.—Due caution will be exercised in the case of words which are libellous or treasonable.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

SIR,—One would like to know more exactly the grounds of "Critic's" objection to the sentence of a month's imprisonment upon a couple who had allowed their dog to starve to death so that it gnawed at a beam of wood and its bones could be counted. True, the woman asked who was to look after her children. But this problem arises in the case of all parents sentenced to imprisonment for any offence whatsoever—and "Critic" does not seem to be concerned with this broader issue. Is it just that he considers starving a dog to death a trivial offence compared with (say) stealing a loaf of bread or parking a car on the wrong side of the road?

"Critic" asks tearfully what will be the influence (of the sentence) upon the children. Those of us who do not believe that humanity can be kept in water-tight compartments might instead wonder what can be the influence of such parents, and regret that, in addition to being forbidden to keep another dog, they were not also deprived of the custody of their children.

King's End, Ruislip. MURIEL NELSON

[Critic writes: "My stomach heaves at the starvation of a dog just as much as your correspondent's. The point I raised was the wisdom of imprisonment as a punishment and the problem raised when husband and wife are both gaoled at the same time."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MAYOR OR ALDERMAN?

SIR,—In your note on the Gateshead election case, the sentence "But the Court, arguing that to exclude the aldermen from voting is to leave out the Mayor and Council, dismissed the petition," is somewhat ambiguous and might mislead readers. The effect of the Local Government Act, 1933, is that the aldermen are elected by the Mayor and Council, subject to the inability of the aldermen to vote at such an election; in other words, the aldermen are elected by the Mayor and the councillors. The decision of the King's Bench Division settles a point concerning which there was never any serious question, namely, that the Mayor is entitled to give an initial vote at an election of aldermen, although he happens to be an alderman himself; he votes as Mayor and not as an alderman. The Association of Municipal Corporations would not support the Gateshead case because they considered the effect of the statute to be clear.

Your comment on the "second chamber" in local government being as indefensible as the House of Lords reminds one that the aldermanic system in county councils was only introduced to secure the passage through the House of Lords of the Local Government Act, 1888. H. TOWNSHEND ROSE

41 Elliott Road, W.4.

"DEMOCRACY, PEACE AND HUMANITY."

SIR,—May we crave the courtesy of your columns in order to give some information on the "International Conference on the Problems of the Defence of Democracy, Peace and Humanity To-day"? This Conference, which has been called at the urgent request of large numbers of men and women from all countries, will be held at the Maison de la Chimie, 28 rue St. Dominique, Paris, on Saturday and Sunday, 13th and 14th May, 1939. In Britain the Conference has the support of leading members of all political parties and is representative of all aspects of British cultural, academic and artistic life.

The Conference will discuss, *inter alia*, problems of the more effective use of the material and moral resources of the Democracies, of the defence of the independence of the smaller countries and of the defence of progressive civilisation. In preparation for the Conference, a large number of individuals, Nobel prize-winners and other personalities, have been approached to contribute to a collective study on the grave threat to literature, art and science by fascist pseudo-scientific doctrines. The danger of such theories becomes all the more serious when there is not available for the majority of people an authoritative refutation. The collective study, when completed, will provide, it is hoped, precisely this.

May we ask that all inquiries concerning the Conference should be sent to the Organising Secretary (British section), 3, Brim Hill, London, N.2.

PROFESSOR J. D. BERNAL	RABBI DR. I. MATTUCK
ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.	SIR PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL, C.B.E F.R.S.
JOHN GIELGUD	
SIR DANIEL HALL, F.R.S.	J. B. PRIESTLEY
DAVID LOW	D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

No doubt the place of a man's birth has to be worked into his biography, but there is danger in starting by telling the reader where it is. All too often the biographer conscientiously makes a journey to visit the birthplace and his impressions crowd out with rival attractions the dim figure of the man whom he has got to write about. This has happened in the first chapter of *The Real Robinson Crusoe, being the Life and Strange Adventures of Alexander Selkirk*, by R. L. Mégroz (Cresset Press, 12*s.* 6*d.*). Selkirk was born at Largo in Fife.

> The miles long sandy beach below Largo Law, the half-tide rocks and pools, the boats in the harbour, the wooded countryside, with lovely hollows like Keil's Den, that contains the ruins of Pitcruvie Castle, the green and rabbit-warrened expanses that are now golf links (for Largo is dangerously near St. Andrews) would attract modern tourists without the addition of romantic associations . . .

Mr. Mégroz does Largo proud:

> For climate and scenery, Largo was a lovely home for an exile to remember, and it says much for the climate of his deserted island that the marooned Selkirk found it congenial during his enforced solitude. This aspect of his birthplace must appeal to the modern visitor, as it did to John Goodsir, a citizen of Largo, who was a distinguished anatomist a century ago.

We are even told that:

> Excepting for a spring known as the Latch, the fresh water supply of Nether Largo came from many wells.

All this has nothing to do with Selkirk—but it helps to fill the 193 pages (many of which are quoted verbatim from Woodes Rogers account of Selkirk's rescue) which, with the appendices, make up a respectably sized book. For unfortunately it soon becomes clear that Mr. Mégroz has found himself in a not unusual dilemma. He has not only gathered up the existing information about Alexander Selkirk from well-known sources, but has, with obvious labour, unearthed some interesting new material. He fears to be learned, and in attempting to be popular, merely pads his book. An extreme instance of what I mean is the account filling several pages of London in 1711, on the ground that Selkirk returned to live in it that year, from which we learn: "Wigs were *de rigueur*." But the prize example of this kind of padding comes in a footnote which, of all forms of writing, should stick to the point.

> Near the end of the eighteenth century (when the French Revolution was breaking out, and the industrial age about to open, if we must be allusive!) the wife of his grand-nephew very sensibly parted with the gold lace of his uniform for a pair of silver shoe buckles. Evidently Selkirk had dressed up in some clothes taken from the Spaniards, or had been extremely lavish at a London tailor's.

* * *

Yet Selkirk is interesting as far as he goes, and Mr. Mégroz tells us a great deal of interest about him, so his book is not without value. The family name was Selcraig, or spelt in a large variety of ways. Mr. Mégroz asserts that Alexander changed his name to Selkirk; but I see no reason to believe him—he pronounced and spelt it that way. I know villagers to-day who appear not to distinguish between Robinson and Robertson, while we are expressly told by Defoe that Crusoe was a corruption of Kreuznaer. Selkirk was a seventh son, he went to sea, most probably in one of the Scottish Company's ships to the Darien colonists. When he came home his half-witted young brother gave him a can of salt water to drink. He struck him and there was a row in which he knocked down his father, clouted his elder brother and his wife, and talked of using his pistol. Then he went to sea again as sailing master of the *Cinque Ports*, a consort ship under Dampier's command. It is from Dampier that we first really hear of Selkirk. The *Cinque Ports* put in to Juan Fernandez for repairs, but Captain Stradling ordered her to sea before they were completed to Selkirk's satisfaction, who refused to sail in her. He was accordingly left on shore with his bedding, a musket and ammunition and his personal possessions. At the last moment he waded after the ship, calling to be taken on board. His first decision was the shrewder—the *Cinque Ports* had to be run ashore as she was sinking; her captain and a few of her crew survived to work as slaves in the Spanish mines. Meanwhile, Selkirk was living on what seems to have been one of the world's most delectable islands. There were, as in Robinson Crusoe, plenty of goats and cats—he caught them and tamed them, and sometimes spent an evening dancing with them. He read his Bible, fell down a precipice, and built himself two huts. A Spanish ship put in at the island, saw him and organised a man hunt, from which he escaped by climbing into the dense foliage of a tree against which one of his pursuers made water. The only indication of the acquisitive spirit which is such a marked feature of *Robinson Crusoe* is that Selkirk slit the ears of a great many goats. Some of these are said to have been discovered, as bearded and venerable patriarchs, by Anson thirty-two years later. Four years and four months after he had been marooned, Selkirk was rescued by Woodes Rogers, whose privateering ships put in so that his scurvy-stricken crew should recuperate. Selkirk was dressed in goatskins; he made himself immediately useful, and was at once offered the position of sailing master, although Woodes Rogers states that he could barely make himself understood.

* * *

The voyage home was exceptionally prosperous; Spanish vessels were captured, and a town captured and ransacked, during which Selkirk was given the delicate task of searching the persons of high-born Spanish ladies for concealed valuables. On his return with eight hundred pounds of prize money, he was introduced to Steele, who wrote an essay about him. Then he went back to Largo, making his way into the kirk while his family were attending service. But Largo appears to have been more boring in the early eighteenth century than Mr. Mégroz found it in the twentieth. Perhaps Selkirk did not play golf. At all events he is reported to have wished himself back in his island. Mr. Mégroz tells us:

> A natural rival to his lost island was overdue, and she appeared amid the grassy ruins of Pitcruvie Castle in Keil's Den. Her name was Sophia Bruce and she came to Keil's Den to look after a cow.

Selkirk promptly eloped with her, abandoning such personal possessions as his musket, chest, and drinking cup, and established Sophia in lodgings in Pall Mall. He does not appear to have married her legally, though she was under the impression that he had. He executed a power of attorney in her favour, and made his will, leaving her his money and a life interest in the property he had bought in Largo. Then he enlisted in the Navy and went to sea. It was only as far as Plymouth, and at Plymouth Selkirk met a lively widow, married her legally, made a will in her favour and went off to the Gold Coast, where he died. The subsequent legal proceedings occupy Appendix B. All this is interesting in its way—but the real interest of Selkirk is that Defoe needed so little, and took so little from Woodes Rogers' account. For Crusoe is a portrait of Defoe himself—a wish-fulfilment, just as surely as Cobbett's pictures of himself as a model husbandman are wish-fulfilments. Defoe's character, as was revealed in Professor Sutherland's excellent biography, was very much like Cobbett's. Like a company promoter, he was hypnotised by the poetry of materialism. His first venture, the civet-cat farm, gives a clue to his character. Civet-cats were worth so much apiece—each pair had so many kittens during the year, and produced so many ounces of civet at so much the ounce. The cost of a man to feed them, and a boy to clean the cages was so much—but perhaps they had mange. At all events, Defoe went bankrupt. Robinson Crusoe tells us how to manage on an island, assuming that wisdom, temperance and industry of which we all feel possessed. It has not much more to do with Selkirk than the Journal of the Plague Year has to do with the actual events it purports to recall. Defoe could invent much faster than Selkirk could have told him his yarn—and what is to the point, much better.

DAVID GARNETT

HART CRANE AND OTHERS

The Collected Poems of Hart Crane. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.
Poems for Spain. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN and STEPHEN SPENDER. *Hogarth.* 6s.
The Year's Poetry, 1938. Edited by D. KILHAM ROBERTS and GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Lane.* 5s.
Danton's Death. By GEORG BÜCHNER. Trans. by STEPHEN SPENDER and GORONWY REES. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Our conception of literature depends very much on a time sequence. Century follows century, the personal lyric succeeds the impersonal ballad, an Age of Reason gives way to a Romantic Revolution; and in our own day we are able to watch the latest steps of fashion. When we come upon a literature that short-cuts this process we are apt to be put out. American poetry, with its span of little more than a century, seems curiously jumbled; here too raw, there too literary altogether. It is easy, perhaps, for an English reader to accept Emily Dickinson or Poe as part of his own tradition. But not Whitman: Whitman is at once too new and too old, the meeting of primitive and modern shocks. And when we are troubled by a new American poet it is nearly always for the same reason, this telescoping of centuries; he has the past and the present of his race at hand, while we prefer a poetry that distances both, a poetry becalmed. Even in so literary and at times obscure a poet as Hart Crane, who seems at first sight to derive from Rimbaud, there is an epic energy such as one would find in no modern English writer.

Compare him, say, with Roy Campbell, with whom he has something in common. The prelude of his best-known poem, *The Bridge*, may recall *Tristan da Cunha*, though it is extremely unlikely that either poet read the other:

> How many dawns, chill from his rippling nest,
> The seagull's wings shall dip and pivot him,
> Shedding white rings of tumult, building high
> Over the chained bay waters Liberty.
>
> Then, with inviolate curve, forsake our eyes
> As apparitional as sails that cross
> Some page of figures to be filed away . . .

The same legendary dazzle, the same rather rigid grandeur of epithet. But while Campbell's poem concludes in a few verses with the identity of island and poet—both isolated and immortal—Hart Crane goes on to write an epic of America, Pocahontas, the Quakers, Indiana, the Appalachians, the river and the subway in New York, and Brooklyn Bridge, a symbol bridging all these aspects of the national life. Though at times hazy and over-stressed, it is an astonishingly coherent poem. It embodies, as Mr. Waldo Frank points out in his introduction, a legend, beginning with the pioneers and looking forward into the steel age—the Whitman legend in fact.

Crane's nationalism is almost mystical. The remarkable thing is that he himself was restless, melancholy, suicidal, and passionately in love with the sea—in which he eventually drowned himself. Many of his images are harshly accurate, particularly when he is describing New York:

> Down Wall, from girder into street noon leaks,
> A rip-tooth of the sky's acetylene . . .

Yet against this, and against the jostling "grand manner" of his more rhetorical passages, there rises his melancholy of the sea, a mood in which everything is seen as though on an ocean bed:

> Insistently through sleep—a tide of voices—
> They meet you listening midway in your dream,
> The long, tired sounds, fog-insulated noises:
> Gongs in white surplices, beshrouded wails,
> Far strum of fog horns. . . .

And again:

> Where icy and bright dungeons lift
> Of swimmers their lost morning eyes,
> And ocean rivers, churning, lift
> Green borders under stranger skies.
>
> Steadily as a shell secretes
> Its beating leagues of monotone,
> Or as many waters trough the sun's
> Red kelson past the Cape's wet stone;
>
> . . . let thy waves rear,
> More savage than the death of kings,
> Some splintered garland for the soul.

It will be seen that Crane's poetry, though outwardly pellucid, contains its own obscurities. To some extent they disappear with re-reading. I hope that this volume will have as many English readers as possible, for Crane lives up to his reputation of being the greatest American poet since Whitman. If there are other of his poems still unpublished, I hope that Messrs. Boriswood will be encouraged to bring them out.

Poems for Spain has, alas, a valedictory worth very different from the mood of some of its contributors:

> Gather together this gale,
> nations, men, worlds,
> Which proceeds from the mouth of impassioned breath
> and from hospitals of the dying.
>
> Apply your ears
> to my clamour of a violated people,
> to the "ay" of so many mothers, to the groans
> of many a lucid being whom grief devoured.

But though many are poems looking to victory, the book as a whole is a protest, coming from writers outside the war, against oppression, against the enemies of life. And the horror of war itself is given rough expression in this anonymous verse by a member of the International Brigade:

> Eyes of men running, falling, screaming
> Eyes of men shouting, sweating, bleeding
> The eyes of the fearful, those of the sad
> The eyes of exhaustion, and those of the mad.

I particularly liked the poems by Stephen Spender (who contributes an introduction), Day Lewis, Tom Wintringham, Herbert Read. Altogether the book is an impressive testimony to set against Mr. Roy Campbell's toreadoring epic.

The Year's Poetry, 1938, is a very different kettle of fish. It reflects another phase of Auden's example: not the war, this time, but caustic popular verse. The key poem of the book—though by no means the best in it—is Auden's *Miss Gee*, a cruel and, to me, self-destructive piece of satire. That is the tune to which Mr. Grigson's men move. Empson chimes in with an over-elaborate parody of "the boys." Mr. Kenneth Allott shows almost Auden's address in writing of cricket elevens, sour spinsters, pavement toys, etc. After Auden himself, powerfully represented, the unassailable positions are occupied by MacNeice, George Barker, Dylan Thomas, Day Lewis. I still find in Mr. Frederic Prokosh a second-rate, flat romanticism which I cannot admire. Gascoyne is emerging finally out of surrealism. At the head of the column stands Yeats: gigantic.

Danton's Death, in the translation by Mr. Stephen Spender and Mr. Goronwy Rees, is to be shown later in the year at the Group Theatre. It will be interesting to see how this play compares with the better-known *Wozzeck*. Büchner (1813-37) was something of a prophet; he anticipated a whole era of feeling in drama by about a hundred years. The remarkable vitality of his genius will be apparent even to those who dislike reading plays on paper. *Danton's Death* is that rare achievement, a living historical document. The heroes of the Revolution, Desmoulins, Robespierre, and their trashy women move under the shadow, as it were, of *Julius Caesar*. There is the same atmosphere of blood, ruin, and monstrosity born of revolution. Mr. Spender and Mr. Rees have done their work brilliantly, and I hope that they will go on next to tackle *Wozzeck*.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

The Three Women. By JAMES MILLER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Come Michaelmas. By GERAINT GOODWIN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Catherine Wheel. By JOAN BUTLER-JOYCE. *Hodder.* 7s. 6d.
It Couldn't Happen to Us. By ANN STAFFORD. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
To the Greater Glory. By V. V. VINTON. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

The double ring of the postman still peals in our ears, the cosy upper-class novel is out and the genre novel of low life is in, sensibility is quoted very low against boneheadedness, and politico-literary criticism produces a virtually illiterate potential reader to exercise the same control over style and content that was formerly in the hands of Mudie's Young Person. In the name of Left-wing politics the novel is taking a beating; but it is odd that the form which the pseudo-tough proletarian novel is assuming is a cross between the "picturesque" novel of the romantic revival and the "blood and soil" novel of contemporary Germany. The reason for the appearance of the "picturesque" element cannot be brought home to any specific source; it appears to be due to a conception of the proletariat as the vessel of all power in which the fate of the cultured rests: the proletariat have the position held in the picturesque novels by aristocrats, they tend to function as absolute arbiters of the destinies of the more

delicately nurtured characters. The source appears to be in the ideology of Communism, certainly it is from that ideology that the "picturesque" elements of doom and despair derive, the power and the wealth of the middle class is going to go not so much for moral reasons as because the clock points to half-past three and society is in the grip of "economic laws" making transformation in favour of the proletariat "inevitable." If fate is responsible for bringing about changes in the character oint stock company control the place of the Fates in human destiny seems obvious and the reappearance in literature of doomed characters follows. This is the point of contact with the "blood and soil" novel in many cases, and the guilty party here would seem to be D. H. Lawrence. The "doom" takes two main forms: the ambitions and plans of the doomed character are alternately thwarted by the dark forces residing in their bellies and points lower or are thwarted externally owing to the weakness of the intellectual confronted with the bellycentric. All homage goes to the natural man whose life is ruled by hunger for women, food, and land, Lawrence's dark blood and ganglia; he has absolute power over the man who lives by reason. The classic theme of the "picturesque" novel was the rough time had by the delicately nurtured when exposed to the forces of nature, the supernatural, or unrestrained passion, and these things were generally personified by lawless aristocrats who inhabited ruined and decaying mansions. Now we have the depressed area and the slum alley, the suburb on the way down or the farm that will not pay, and passion stalks about in a cloth cap and a dirty shirt.

Bill Lugg is the dominating figure of *Come Michaelmas:* he uses spit for hair oil, drinks tea out of his saucer, and lives in a slum alley authentically furnished with dustbins and lean cats, but his command over the love life of the two daughters of a local magistrate is as absolute as if he were one of the land-owning peers of the old dispensation. He is the proletarian aristocrat; by his virility and his earthy strength he brings to fruit the doom of the delicate brain-enfeebled characters. The central figure of *The Three Women* is the doomed man whose ganglia defeat his brain; he is blood-brother to those young men who wrapped themselves in black cloaks and left for foreign parts in order not to win the hearts of the fiancées of wicked peers, owners of haunted castles, secret bigamists, because some frightful secret hung over them. He meets a young woman twice over payment for some cattle and delivery of the receipt, he meets her a third time at the surgery of the local G.P. and starts to walk home with her. But on the way down the drive the young woman catches her heel in a drain and she has to bend down to adjust her shoe, when she straightens up again: "... she let both her hands hang loosely at her sides. He watched her, the pulse hammering in his head painfully. He did not know what to do. There was only one thing to do: it was too late to do anything but that." In view of the slight acquaintance of the parties there seem to be any number of possible courses of action for the young man to follow, but as he is doomed to have his life spoiled by this woman he asks her to unbutton her coat and grabs her. It is no surprise that he ends up with her on a farm with sagging gates, ruined hedges, and weed-choked fields where the farmer and his wife are always exchanging silent glances pregnant with something or other in the darkened kitchen. The farm is in a bad way, but it is not the price of live hogs, barley or cattle cake which is in question but the mysterious picturesque doom. Farmer Musgrave faces his unpaid hinds and his alarmed wife to explain why this is a payless Saturday: "he was cool, unbending. 'There's nothing, I shall not say more than that—simply because none of you, none of you, would understand.'" It is no use furnishing this farm with milk coolers and modern implements, this is the haunted castle. We know where we are too, at the end of *Come Michaelmas*, when the beating of a little brass gong hung on a pair of elk's horns marks the end of twelve hours in which Lugg has beaten up the lover of one woman and frightened him out of the town, the lover of the second has killed a man in a boxing match, seduced Lugg's wife, and the two of them have been shot in bed by Lugg. The booming doesn't come from the gong of a typical bourgeois household, it comes from the clock tower of the house of Usher.

Catherine Wheel is an example of the "slice of life" novel; it has realistic furniture but is divorced from melodramatic action. The daughter of a small draper is followed from the black day when she learns the facts of life to her engagement to a bank clerk some years later. The observation is meticulous, the people are real, the milieu comes alive, and yet the book is flat in spite of a peculiar strength which undoubtedly belongs to it. A medical student peeps into the book with hints at seduction, the bank clerk's virtue is rather tentatively tested by a very common young person, and the temptation to let them have their heads and bring some vitality into the book must have been almost irresistible. But reality is not like that in those circles; if passion had managed to get out of hand the boundary would have been crossed that divides the Zolaesque realistic novel from the "slice of life" and we would have been back in the romantic country again. In *It Couldn't Happen to Us* one can see the point on which the low life novel's peculiarly empty quality depends. The book stands midway between the "slice of life" and the "picturesque-realistic," it lacks the doom motive but it shares the obsession with violence and unthinking emotion. As an analysis of the breakdown of a loveless marriage it deprives itself of all value by making the breakdown lead to murder, and vanishes into that never-never land in which "the Famous Trials Series" is literature. And in that arid land the book pups with the idea that people who give their emotions free expression are superior to those who do not. This is the mysterious doom of the upper classes in the new-style picturesque novel, the secret of the intense despair and hopelessness of the educated and the sensitive.

Because *Catherine Wheel* does not accept this conception it has that quiet strength which marks it from the other books. It feels its way towards the idea that there are standards of behaviour whose observance is of far greater importance than any momentary satisfaction, but the standards are not defined and there is a shrinking from the issue towards an acceptance of custom without thinking. It appears feeble beside a book both conscious of the need for law and possessing a philosophy capable of serving as a base for acceptable standards: *To the Greater Glory* is a very good book indeed.

The people in the book are as low in the social scale as the people in the others, but there is no worship here of their crudity or their violence, and they are masters of their own wills. They are French Canadians in an isolated district where there is every opportunity for their lives to deteriorate and for the standards of their community to relax. The author recognises the profoundly anti-social instincts of the individual, the disastrous results of emotional behaviour on such a community and the need for

Even in Troubled Times

"Keesing's" is a sound investment. Among all the contradictory reports—be they due to party bias or be they due to the speed of their presentation—you must have facts to guide your opinion.

"Keesing's" has no axe to grind. "Keesing's" has no speed record to break. "Keesing's" has no competitor.

Every week-end you receive a bulletin—not the journal of a political party and not the interpretations or forecasts of an individual—but an unbiased record of the happenings which are of permanent importance.

Each item is entered in its proper chronological order. Each entry is numbered. To make your diary complete a cumulative Index accompanies each weekly issue.

"Keesing's" clarifies your mind, strengthens your writings and speeches, enables you to become and to remain always well-informed.

To KEESING'S LTD., 107 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. (Central 3441)
Please give me full particulars of your news-cum-reference service, without cost or obligation on my part.

NAME .....

ADDRESS N.S.24

rigorous and exacting curbs upon it; he shows what the curbs are and how they work, his standards are worked out. Just as the philosophy of the Catholic Church is a steel spine giving strength to this community, so the possession of a valid philosophy gives this book a hard clarity, a limpid quality, which recall the best of Anatole France. Here violence is recognised as the ultimate expression of human vileness, impulse as the enemy of civilisation, and it is because these things are worked out and tidy in the author's mind that the incidents of the melting of a butter Paschal Lamb, the passing of a dud fifty cent piece, a deer shot in the woods, tell us far more of the spirit of poor men for all their apparent triviality than the boozings and fightings and murders of the pseudo-proletarian novel. ANTHONY WEST

STRENGTH OF THE POWERS

The Military Strength of the Powers. By MAX WERNER. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

The Red Army is to-day one of the main factors in European politics. In this book the English reader gets, for the first time, detailed information of its strength, its organisation, the qualities of its weapons and the probable strategic ideas of its commanders. With patient thoroughness, from material published not only in Soviet Russia but in Germany and other countries, a picture is drawn of the growth of this army from the defensive militia of 1930 to its present immense strength. It is shown to be the most powerful armed force in the world, trained for and capable of a far-reaching counter-offensive against any Power that invades Russia.

The power of a nation's armed force, or the "war potential" of a country, is shown to depend on the industry backing the guns and planes, the raw material available for that industry, the food supplies for the troops, and also on the accumulation of war material and trained men before war breaks out. It is shown that in all these factors that make up military strength the Soviet Union is now ahead of Nazi Germany and likely to remain ahead. On the other hand:

"In three respects the advantage of Germany over the Soviet Union is indisputable. . . . Germany's economic resources are much more readily available for war purposes, they are centralised territorially and not spread out over huge distances as is the case in the Soviet Union; Germany also has a much more highly developed network of ways and communications; and, finally, her military power is based on an older and more perfected technical development."

These three advantages of Germany are more than counterbalanced by economic and military advantages of Russia: oil, iron, aluminium in plenty and an army that "in 1938—even without its special Far Eastern forces—had more than a twofold superiority in aeroplanes and tanks over the German Army."

Figures for the number of tanks and aeroplanes are not published officially by most armies, but the author's estimates are based on extremely painstaking analyses, and he uses the published estimates made in French and German technical journals to check his Soviet figures, using in the same way other sources for his estimates about other Powers.

It is a most reassuring book for those who realise that Europe is threatened by conquest within the next few years: here is, in satisfying and solid fact, a picture of a power greater than that of the Fascist aggressors whose shadow hangs over us. It is also most timely: there is nothing more urgent in to-day's politics than the securing of such an alliance as will bind firmly Britain, France and the Soviet Union. Such an alliance may still postpone war; if war comes it can certainly win it relatively quickly.

But when I first skimmed through this book I was not reassured; I was appalled. "Max Werner" is a pseudonym; I saw his many quotations from Soviet sources and judged that he must have been closely connected with the Soviet forces. (Later, finding references to the "purges" in the Red Army that were not likely to be written by a Russian, and some evidence of German methods of writing, I realised that "Max Werner" was more probably from Central Europe.) I was appalled at the theory of warfare, the idea of what war is like, stated in and colouring all this book. If this, I thought, is the Soviet theory, how much they will have to unlearn; how much in lives and lost chances they will waste before they get from experience of real war correctives for their strategy and tactics.

The theories of war stated here are those of mechanised, "total," time-table war. According to these theories the tank and the aeroplane have revolutionised warfare; trench warfare is ended; offensive strategy and tactics will be employed, aiming at "final destruction" of the enemy. The author quotes the 1936 Field Service Regulations of the Red Army (drawn up by Tukhachevski) and summarises their guiding idea as "the strategy of the knock-out blow." These regulations declare:

"Modern technical means permit the simultaneous defeat of the enemy along the whole of his battle front and throughout the whole depth of his position."

In other words, the idea is to pile the Somme on Passchendaele and add Verdun.

And all this is to be done, to a time-table fixed beforehand, principally by the use of masses of tanks and a "ten thousand ton bomb salvo," which Mr. Werner believes can be dropped accurately on the targets chosen.

In fact, nothing works quite to time-table in war; few bombs get nearer to a small target than 100 yards away; the defensive is three to four times as strong as the offensive. And trenches are more necessary than ever. These are the experiences of Spain.

Mr. Werner abolishes Spain in a paragraph: "The suggestion that modern weapons of offence, the tank and the aeroplane, have proved a failure in Spain is not correct. . . . In November, 1936, Madrid was defended by tanks."

The latter statement is almost ludicrous. A handful of tanks were brought up to defend Madrid and proved almost useless there, except as encouragement to men. Madrid was held by men.

The theory of war stated is, in effect, a Fascist theory: that machines dominate men and their actions. In real war machines, while necessary, are secondary to men, their intelligence, initiative, individual resource and co-operative organisation.

This theory necessarily leads to a view of Europe's peril that may be dangerous in the years ahead: the view that *only* by an overwhelming material force can Fascism be stopped. Certainly it should be our aim to assemble such a force; its assembly may prevent war. But so long as Chamberlains exist this may not happen, and nation after nation may be faced with the alternative of surrender or resistance. Resistance by free men, so long as they have an indispensable minimum of arms—say a third of their opponents'—is possible and can succeed. TOM WINTRINGHAM

WAR & PEACE

Essays in Psychological Analysis

by

William Brown

Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy, Oxford University

An account of the influence of the unconscious mind, collectively and individually, in international relations; of mass emotion, the condition of paranoia, the psychology of propaganda, and the underlying mental forces which make for peace and for war.

5s. net

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK: LONDON, W.1

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

INCORPORATING

THE LONDON MERCURY AND BOOKMAN

When each was good
What better than both?

The first issue of the combined magazine appears on

MAY 1st

price

1/-

Edited by Robert Herring
With contributions by
JULIAN HUXLEY
L. STEWART BOYD
GEOFFREY GORER
WINIFRED HOLMES
LILO LINKE
H. D.
also

And Scandinavia?
by FRANK ILLINGWORTH

That Other Britain
by WINIFRED WILSON

The American Film since 1930
by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Trickwork in the English Nineteenth Century Theatre
by RICHARD SOUTHERN

AND MANY PAGES OF BOOK REVIEWS

From all Booksellers and Newsagents or direct from
THE BRENDIN PUBLISHING CO.
26, Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2

"Joyce . . . Sterne" ! !

AT SWIM-TWO-BIRDS

FLANN O'BRIEN

We have been publishing books for over two hundred years but we have never before published anything quite like this.

Graham Greene:
"It is a book in a thousand . . . I read it with continual excitement, amusement and the kind of glee one experiences when people smash china on the stage. . . . It is in the line of *Tristram Shandy* and *Ulysses*."

Edwin Muir ***(Listener)*****:**
"A very promising worst-seller . . . the dialogue has the same timeless quality as Mr. Joyce's. . . . The whole is carried off with immense spirit . . . enlivened with extravagant fancy."

Sean O'Faolain ***(John O'London's Weekly)*****:**
"This irresponsible gasconade is sheer high spirits . . . it is to pay it a high compliment to say that there is a good deal of Harpo Marx about it. . . . Mr. O'Brien has the ball at his feet."

John Brophy ***(Daily Telegraph)*****:**
"He is as clever as all the monkeys in the Phoenix Park Zoo . . . all on the look-out for truly experimental work should make sure of reading it."

Irish Press:
"Rabelais, had he been born in 20th century Dublin, might have written parts of this book . . . other portions might have been contributed by the Rev. Lawrence Sterne . . . an odd, astonishing and vastly entertaining book."

Large Crown 8vo. 10/6 net.

LONGMANS

THE GERMAN EMIGRATION

Escape to Life. By KLAUS and ERIKA MANN. *Houghton Mifflin and Co.* $3.50.

It would be difficult to think of a more inspiring family than the Manns. The Huxleys come to mind, but they, fortunately, have not been required—not yet—to arise, like phoenixes from the ashes of their country. It is this that the Manns have contrived to do; and not only by virtue of their charm, their sweetness of heart, and their vast collective talent, but also through their rock-like courage and their almost unbelievable energy and resilience. I had thought, indeed, of calling this review *A Family Against a Nation*, but it would have been inaccurate: they are not *against* their nation. They are against Hitler, and microscopic unit though they be—stateless; severed from their public; with all their possessions, and most of their money, stolen—they are beginning to win.

Apart from personal qualities, the simplest list of their achievements is truly extraordinary. Thomas Mann, the authors' father, and Heinrich, their uncle, could justly be described as the two greatest German writers alive. Klaus Mann, at thirty-two, has written travel-books, plays and novels, and also edited, from Amsterdam, what was one of the most considerable literary reviews in post-war Europe, *Die Sammlung*, the English director of which was Aldous Huxley, and the French, Gide. Two, at least, of his novels—*The Pathetic Symphony*, about Tchaikowsky, and *Mephisto*, a satire on a celebrated, and once Left-wing, German actor whose ambitions turn him into a Nazi—are works of permanent value. Erika Mann, who married W. H. Auden, is someone whose endowments seem practically universal. Her performance as the Queen in *Don Carlos* at the Munich State Theatre was unforgettable. As the situation worsened, she formed the *Peppermill*, a political, anti-Nazi cabaret. Beginning in Munich, it eventually gave 1,034 performances in six European countries, and then, when the protests of distracted German consuls became too vociferous, was produced in New York. Since the *Peppermill* came to an end, she has become a brilliant, tireless politician (the moment Munich was over, she was on her way to Prague) and an accomplished writer. Her *School for Barbarians*, the authoritative book on Nazi child education, has just been published in England. Among the remaining four Mann children, two are musicians, and one is lecturing at French and American universities on philosophy and history. Whether all this would have been possible, or could continue, without the influence and encouragement of Klaus and Erika Mann's mother (whose marvellous letters from Davos, where she was ill, were used in *The Magic Mountain*) is debatable. But to read even such an incomplete sketch as the foregoing will be to understand not only why death waits for them on their own frontiers, but also what an example, and above all, what hope, a single, exiled family can give to a shivering world.

Thomas Mann wrote in *This Peace*:

> So long as the Nazis outwardly kept the peace . . . the world cared not a whit for the fate of the German people, for the atrocities of the concentration camps, the tortures and murders, the persecutions of Jews and Christians, the rejection of the spirit. . . .

This accusation, when one thinks about it, is true. To-day, however, the potential public, for and understanding of books like *Escape to Life*, has increased, and no wonder. Now that our governing, namely, our most self-centred, class has at length managed to screw it into its head that Hitler is also threatening its own interests (money), it is eager to instruct itself. Let it, then, order this book at once.

A much-needed historical undertaking, *Escape to Life* will interest the student and the sensible, however, as much as any Government supporter. The authors include, besides some autobiography, and valuably intimate studies of their father and uncle, an account of all the more notable German refugees, with miniature biographies; the reasons why they left, and what has become of them. In volume alone, the list is stupefying: it comprises, quite simply, the whole of German culture. One becomes positively confused as to which Nobel Prize winners escaped, and which "died" in prison. There are, of course, the handful of famous renegades, such as the tragic old Gerhart Hauptmann, and Richard Strauss, who blithely conducted Bruno Walter's Leipzig concert when the latter was forced to fly the country. The real, the future Germany is scattered over the world, in Scandinavia, Holland, France, Switzerland; most, perhaps, are in the United States. It should be remembered that although some of the following were persecuted because they were Jews, and others because they took an interest in politics, the majority were persecuted for nothing more nor less than integrity, of brains and heart. Among the writers, in haphazard order, we find—the Manns; Stefan Zweig, the most widely translated of all contemporary authors; Arnold Zweig; Franz Werfel, whom the authors consider the finest living German poet; Ernst Toller, Bruno Frank, Alfred Neumann, Alfred Doeblin, Erich Maria Remarque, Lion Feuchtwanger, Hermann Broch, Berthold Brecht, Max Brod, to whom we owe Kafka; Leonhard Frank, Georg Kaiser, Ludwig Renn, one of the heroes of the Spanish war; Fritz von Unruh, Leopold Schwarzschild, editor of the Paris *Neue Tagebuch*; Alfred Kerr, chief of German dramatic critics; Meier Graefe, leading German art critic, and author of the classic work on Van Gogh, etc. The list is endless. As regards the Stage and Cinema—Bassermann, the most talented of German actors; Fritz Kortner, Reinhardt, Piscator, Elisabeth Bergner, Luise Rainer, Conrad Veidt, Lotte Lenja, Therese Giehse, Pabst, Fritz Lang, Erik Charell. Among the Musicians—Bruno Walter, and Klemperer, Fritz and Adolf Busch, Alban Berg, Schoenberg, Kurt Weill, Lotte Lehmann, Krenek.

Incidentally, one of my only two complaints about this book is that the exiled, or proscribed, German painters are not as fully dealt with as one expected. (The other, that the English is sometimes a shade unnecessarily careless.) Of those artists and architects mentioned, one might choose—Gropius, of the vanished Bauhaus, Erich Mendelsohn, Moholy Nagy, Beckmann, Grosz, Oppenheim, Rudolf von Ripper, Eva Herrmann. (Nolde and Dix are, of course, in disgrace, and Barlach, the most "Nordic," and one of the two most gifted of modern German sculptors, has apparently died of starvation.)

As there is no more room here for even the smallest selection of famous scholars, doctors and scientists, I will mention only Einstein, who is at Princeton with the authors' father. Suffice it to say that there has now come into existence, for the benefit of those who have reached the U.S., the Amercan Guild for German Cultural Freedom. Thomas Mann is the President of its European Senate; Freud is the President of the Scientific section, and Hubertus zu Loewenstein, the Catholic youth leader, is General Secretary.

DUCKWORTH BOOKS

GERMANY RAMPANT

by Ernest Hambloch, late British Consul and expert commentator on foreign affairs, is just the right medicine to take the taste of Hitler out of the mouth. Alternately shrewd and rude about the European Powers, Hambloch goes to the root of those national differences of temperament and psychology which caused the last war and bid fair to start another. "Some extremely interesting material, and many new lights on a well-worn subject."—*News-Letter*. 10/6 net

THREE MEN TRIED . . .

Dr. Edgar Stern-Rubarth, close friend of Stresemann, tells the story of the League's struggles for peace between 1924 and 1930. "The effect of his story is to hearten us with the recollection of great men and high ideals."—HAROLD NICOLSON (*Daily Telegraph*). Preface by VERNON BARTLETT. Illustrated. 12/6 net

THE 6,000 BEARDS OF ATHOS

Ralph Brewster's *succès de scandale* is now available in a cheap edition. "Can be strongly recommended to those not easily shocked."—*New Statesman*. 16 Plates. 5/- net

3 Henrietta Street London W.C.2

Innumerable odd, diverting or useful bits of news are included, and one or two of them will do excellently to wind up with. Firstly, it appears that not only is Rilke now celebrated in the Third Reich as "the great Sudeten German poet," but that Hitler has put up a bust to him in the villa at Berchtesgaden. That Hitler should thus honour the man who was the most shrinkingly fastidious, most deeply internationalised genius of the whole of modern German literature—Rilke would have fainted at the very sight of the dreary old dervish—is, in its way, one of the most exquisite jokes of the century. Another item concerns Dr. Putzi Hanfstaengl, the only original Nazi who was also a gentleman, and once Hitler's Press Chief. The interview I had with him in the Brown House was published in this paper some years ago, and it may be remembered that he characterised the works of Thomas Mann and Freud as "scheiss." It may comfort some, therefore, to learn that he is now an exile too. A third point is Otto Strasser. It is not generally known that there are in existence two separate National Socialist movements. Strasser was one of Hitler's earliest collaborators, and, being to some extent a true Socialist, he broke away when he perceived that Hitler's real objective was to be at once "the benefactor of the poor and the saviour of the rich." Until very lately, Strasser was the leader and guardian of what is now the only genuine Nazi *mystique*, the "Third Front," a formidable anti-Hitler group in Prague. If he has escaped, and if he is willing to give what would prove invaluable knowledge and help, he should immediately be approached by the democratic Intelligence Services, and before Hitler murders him, as he did his brother.

I will end with a quotation. The words are Reinhardt's:

> Are you staying here? You simply must stay here. It's going to be a new centre of culture. America is going to take over the cultural heritage of Europe, and there is no more hospitable landscape, none lies under happier stars, than the Californian. Here, in a still youthful country, European and American scientists and artists will meet to prepare a home for our old culture and for the new one that is coming into being here.

Reinhardt may be right. A visit to an Alien's Office, a talk with almost any comfortably placed Englishman or Frenchman, a glance at either of their Governments, a glance at any paper, a glance inside oneself—all these will show that we are doing very little to prove him wrong. BRIAN HOWARD

IN THE DISTANCE

A Pact with Hitler. By MARTIN FUCHS. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
I Saw the Crucifixion. By SIDNEY MORRELL. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.
They Betrayed Czechoslovakia. By G. J. GEORGE. *Penguin Special.* 6d.

It is an ironic comment on our times that these three books, which deal with events that reached their climax only a year, or even only six months ago, should already seem material for the historian of a remote past. It is an even more bitter reflection that the titles of the first two might describe any of half a dozen calamities of recent years. And as for the third—there are already several countries whose names could be substituted for that of Czechoslovakia; and who would care to prophesy that others will not be added in the near future?

The dossier of Austria's last year grows. The "pact with Hitler" is the Austro-German Agreement of July, 1936, and Herr Fuchs describes the course of his country's destiny from that date up to the end. His chief contribution to the dossier is an Appendix in which he prints an exchange of letters that took place between Schuschnigg and Otto—Otto the Last as the Nazi press now scathingly calls him—directly after the Berchtesgaden meeting. Herr Fuchs, who was Austrian press-attaché in Paris and now directs an emigré Legitimist paper there, has for many years been in closest touch with Habsburg circles, and there is every reason therefore to believe in the authenticity of these poignant and remarkable documents. They reveal that at the last moment the Habsburg pretender offered to take over the control of Austria's affairs from Schuschnigg as Chancellor—not as President or Emperor—and to inaugurate a new policy of closest alliance with the Western Powers in foreign affairs, and in home affairs of immediate concessions to the Left. This was to be the basis of an Austrian national resistance, with arms if necessary, to any further German pretensions. It was, in fact, the policy of those who were struggling to create a Popular Front within the country at that moment, and seemed a hope, if a last and slender one, for Austria's future. But Schuschnigg thought

THIS PAGAN HEALTH
Why is it that, in symbolising healthy nerves, we can find no finer examples than the real and mythical figures of pagan days? How seldom to-day, in office or shop, train or street, does one see a man or woman exuberant with nervous energy.

"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

Medical science, brilliant as are its achievements, is the first to acknowledge that it has still vast territories to conquer. But one thing is basic in modern preventive medicine — adequate organic phosphorus and proteid are essential for nerves and blood. This is just what 'Sanatogen' supplies — better, more quickly and permanently than any other tonic food yet discovered. 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and proteid in their most assimilable forms.

'Sanatogen' will repair worn nerves: give you the extra vitality that will make you immune from most minor ills.

Live up to life this Spring: take an eight weeks' course of

'SANATOGEN'
Brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate. (Regd. Trade Mark)

THE NERVE TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists
in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Registered Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.
A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT.

M & C

otherwise. His answer shows a tragic fatalism. In effect, he rebukes Otto as a political amateur and tells him not to meddle, though he addresses him throughout with all the respect for an acknowledged Sovereign. He makes it quite clear that he believes psychological, economic and geographical considerations render a change in Austria's pro-German policy impossible, and that any armed resistance will lead at once to a bloody defeat and Austria's certain extinction. And then comes the key passage: "The Austrian idea, including that of the House of Austria, is in my opinion a conception that cannot be measured in terms of a generation. Those ideas must remain, though we individuals and our destinies may perhaps perish for their sake. . . ." Here Schuschnigg seems to say that he knows the end is approaching, and is prepared to face it because he is convinced there will one day be a rebirth. If he sincerely believed that, his responsibility for rallying the anti-Nazi forces at five minutes to twelve, and so forcing them to come out into the open and delaying the escape of the Jews and other future victims, is heavy. The rest of the book deepens the impression which *Farewell Austria* and *Fallen Bastions* gave, that Schuschnigg, in spite of Catholic and Legitimist loyalties, had an overwhelming respect for the great Reich in the north, amounting almost to an inferiority complex, which after the collapse of the Sanctions policy and the bloodless re-occupation of the Rhineland fatally inhibited his action. And yet, in the light of what has happened in the last eighteen months, is it possible to say that Schuschnigg was wrong in his belief—a belief never openly admitted in his letter but running all through it as an undertone—that the Western Powers, or rather the dominant clique among their rulers, had turned their backs on Central Europe?

There are many illuminating sidelights in Herr Fuchs's pages on Central European politics between 1936 and 1938, and in particular the role of the vain, ambitious Austrian Foreign Minister, Guido Schmidt, recently rewarded by the Nazis with a big industrial directorship, becomes grimly clear. In describing so vividly scenes such as those in which Schmidt reveals his hand or Mussolini promises unfailing aid to his "Viennese friends," Herr Fuchs is writing from intimate knowledge and puts us all in his debt. It is a pity, therefore, that he lets himself describe with equally graphic detail scenes obviously outside his experience, such as Hitler pacing up and down his study in lonely indecision, and so on. This is a temptation which Mr. Morrell admirably avoids in his account of the last months of Czechoslovakia. *I Saw the Crucifixion* is also far clearer and more readable than *A Pact with Hitler*, though the latter may have suffered in translation. Writing for a popular newspaper like *The Daily Express* is a rigorous school and forces certain virtues on a journalist nowadays, if he is to stay the pace. Mr. Morrell is also a brilliant example of the modern detective-reporter who counts neither scruples nor expense, and against whom the mere politician has little chance. When Mr. Morrell wants to find out whether Runciman and Henlein are meeting in secret, he tracks them down mercilessly by ringing up every gendarmerie post in the area until he can plot the lines of advance of the two cars to a point where they definitely intersect. His book is particularly valuable for the unforgettable account of the Egerland revolt and the state of the frontier districts during the Czech mobilization that followed the famous Godesberg "hitch." On both occasions he plunged into the thick of it; few foreigners witnessed the fantastic war of frontier-erosion that was going on, and no one has described it more dramatically than Mr. Morrell.

They Betrayed Czechoslovakia is a more general account, by a Czech publicist whose real name is concealed, of the complex diplomatic moves in Europe which led to the Munich Agreement. Mr. George begins his story in September and takes us rapidly from city to city, giving as good a bird's-eye view of the developing tragedy as we are likely to get, though future revelations may correct a few details here and there and reject the scenes in which he, like Herr Fuchs, indulges his journalistic imagination too freely. He stresses the curious abdication of the press and the passivity of public opinion in France as compared with Britain throughout the crisis, and he builds up a powerful case to refute the main argument of Lord Runciman's report, that Czechs and Germans could no longer live together, an argument that was accepted here very widely at the time, and not only on the Right. It is instructive to read his book, written last autumn, after the invasion of Bohemia and Moravia and be reminded how much emphasis was laid on Hitler's assurances that the Sudeten districts were his last territorial claims in Europe. But in one or two points Mr. George's judgment seems uncertain: he maintains, for instance, that after Godesberg war would have been inevitable if the Munich meeting had not taken place, a theory which is by no means proved. In fact one is inclined to wonder whether he does not underestimate the extent of the deception practised on the European public by some of its leading statesmen, a method of gaining their ends which there is little reason to believe they have yet discarded.

JOHN LEHMANN

QUEEN VICTORIA

Daughters of Queen Victoria. By E. F. BENSON. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

A skilful novelist, Mr. E. F. Benson has a sharp nose for character and a gift for defining it; the son of a Primate, he has always enjoyed unusual knowledge of the ways of Royalty. His new book is necessarily rather thin; two of the Queen's daughters are still alive, and even about the best known of them, the Empress Frederick, there are still too few documents available. Nor has Mr. Benson made the fullest use of what material there is. He does not use the recent life of Lord Clarendon by Mr. George Villiers, and though he quotes from Mr. Bolitho's *Further Letters of Queen Victoria*, he does not give the revealing passage in which she confesses that the company of her elder children gives her "no special pleasure." This was written, of course, before her husband's death; later, she found the company of a daughter very necessary; Princess Beatrice, she insisted, must not make a marriage that would take her from her mother's side. Family ties, usually very close in Victorian England, were especially close in the Queen's family; the letters of the Empress Frederick, of Princess Alice and of the Queen herself, are oppressive with soft, heavy domestic sentiment. It must be remembered that only with Royalty can Royalty feel entirely at ease. (It was a sense of this probably that led the French Regent to regard his daughters with more than paternal affection.)

The Empress Frederick was the most intellectual of the Prince Consort's children, but in her published letters (addressed mostly to the Queen) she naturally adapted herself to her mother's limitations. Her powers, therefore, are difficult to gauge. Certainly she was tactless, not to say mischief-making, and made the most of the unlucky situation, made for her by Bismarck and her son. If Queen Victoria had been thwarted, her self-centred obstinacy would probably have found similar expression. The other daughters remain very shadowy—Princess Alice enjoyed a period of religious doubt, encouraging Strauss to lecture her on Voltaire—otherwise there is little chronicled about them except good nature and good works.

Mr. Benson writes in an ironical style derived from Lytton Strachey, and is the most acceptable of his imitators. One small error might be corrected in later editions. Prince Albert, we are told, planned Osborne House in 1843 "with the professional assistance of that rising architect, Mr. Cubitt." Actually Cubitt, at that time, was neither young, nor rising, nor even, strictly speaking, an architect. He was a builder, aged 55, justly famous for the development, some twenty years previously, of Bloomsbury and Belgravia. A family tree would be a valuable addition: it is not easy to remember, for instance, that Wilhelm II's wife was a neice of Princess Helena's husband.

R. M.

THE ROCK

Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. By G. T. GARRATT. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

In 1782 Fox described Gibraltar as "amongst the most valuable possessions of England." "Deprive yourselves of this station," he added, "and the States of Europe who border on the Mediterranean will no longer look to you for the free navigation of that sea; and having it no longer in your power to be useful you cannot expect alliances." After the Napoleonic wars the Rock became the very symbol of the British Empire—dominant, arrogant, unshakable. So little was there any thought of disturbing our possession that Gibraltar, as Mr. Garratt points out, was scarcely discussed or even mentioned in all the voluminous correspondence of Queen Victoria, Gladstone or Disraeli. In the twentieth century one recalls the consternation when a Liberal headmaster of Eton urged that we ought to put Gibraltar under international control. Yet at that time it would have been an excellent peace gesture and certainly more dignified than waiting for the time when our enemies should take pleasure in challenging a possession which we had long held by force, but doubt our power any longer to defend.

EARLY HOLIDAYS in the Golden West

Cornwall, Devon, Somerset and Dorset—those lovely western counties—exercise an irresistible charm and fascination. They call you again this year to choose your holiday resort within their borders.

EARLY HOLIDAYS ARE BEST, BECAUSE

- The countryside is never fresher than in early Summer
- The extra hours of daylight are extra hours of health
- You do not add to the late Summer overcrowding
- You have the advantage of cheaper accommodation
- Early travel is comfortable travel

BEFORE YOU GO
Buy "Holiday Haunts 1939" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

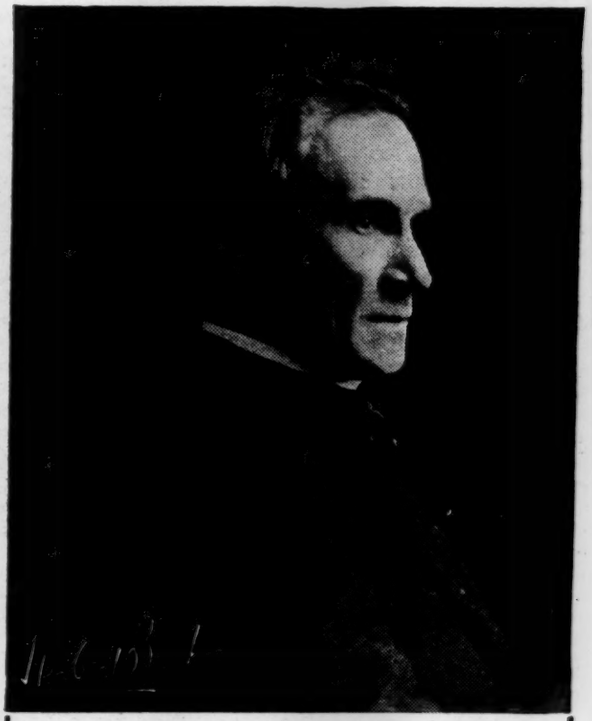
HOW YOU GET THERE
Cheap "Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE
Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

TAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS EARLY



Sir Herbert Barker, who designed the BARKER Shoe

Sir Herbert Barker's Gift to humanity "THIS FREEDOM" IN SHOES

Read this—one of many tributes

"After wearing Sir Herbert Barker Shoes for about two months I was free of all foot trouble. I tried out a pair of golf shoes and where before I used to limp into the club-house after playing the eighteenth hole, I now look forward to going out and playing a few extra holes."

* * * *

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes for men and women are obtainable from appointed shoe fitters in all large towns. Send postcard for Booklet and read the story of how Sir Herbert Barker discovered the ideal shoe.

NORVIC SHOE Co., Ltd.
Dept. 8, Northampton.

Sir Herbert Barker
For men **Shoes** *For women*

The early part of Mr. Garratt's admirably written and informative book deals with the shocking muddle and misgovernment of Gibraltar under the British in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is a fascinating, but unsavoury, history of a drunken, arrogant and thoughtless rule, which ruined the old Spanish town economically for the sake of establishing a system of British privilege. But few people, even in the nineteenth century, thought about Gibraltar in terms of administration. After the completion of the Suez Canal in 1869 its vital importance as the key to the sea-road to India became an article of faith in Britain, and that was all British people knew or cared to know about it.

As time went on and artillery developed in range and power the more far-sighted strategists began to press the claims of Ceuta as an alternative or supplementary base. They learnt too by war experience that, even apart from its vulnerability from the land, its importance as the key to the Mediterranean had been greatly exaggerated. Mr. Garratt describes an incident that occurred in the last week of the war after the U-boats had been recalled :

> Fifteen U-boats started home. All of them passed the Straits of Otranto, one was caught off Ceuta, and one made for Barcelona. The remaining thirteen passed successfully through the Straits of Gibraltar, which at that time were swarming with torpedo boats, destroyers, seaplanes, etc., all massed to catch them. All of the submarines ultimately reached German ports, and as a last Parthian shot, when leaving the Straits on November 9th, the U50 came to the surface off Cape Trafalgar, and sunk the sixteen-thousand-ton battleship, the " Britannia."

Mr. Garratt also reminds us that nearly half of the total Allied shipping losses occurred in the Mediterranean, and that the submarine campaign in the Mediterranean was never defeated. The assistance given unofficially by a " neutral " Spain was vital to the Germans. In two cases submarines were actually repaired in Spanish docks, whilst one individual also used the personnel, the fishing boats and the financial connections of his immense tobacco-smuggling business to keep the German submarines fully supplied with fuel, water and food. This close association of certain Spaniards with Germany during the last war, both in Spain and in Morocco, was the beginning of that relationship which was to play so important a part in Franco's rebellion. Mr. Garratt's information on this point is new and illuminating.

Now that British policy has lost Spain to the Axis, and Germany not only holds vital economic and strategic positions to the peninsula, but threatens Gibraltar from the air as well as with twelve-inch guns from the land, one must ask, as Mr. Garratt does, whether in this new era of three-dimensional warfare the " Rock " can any longer be considered defensible. Without any serious protest from this country, Germany has now established herself on both sides of the Straits and alongside the Cape route, and now holds a position " which she can either use for applying diplomatic pressure in time of peace, or for blockading both France and England in time of war."

Mr. Garratt assumes that no Government in France or England would even now advocate a policy of withdrawal from the Mediterranean in peace-time. He suggests that there are only three possible courses : the desperate attempt to hold at the same time all naval bases and colonies, the opposite policy of complete withdrawal from the Mediterranean, and a more practical intermediate policy which could be applied in the event of a war in which Germany was the chief enemy and Italy either her ally or benevolently neutral towards her. This compromise policy would hold Gibraltar as a fortress, not of much use to British ships but impassable for surface ships of the enemy. Mr. Garratt suggests that Malta could be similarly held while the defence of the Canal area would depend chiefly on the mechanised arm and air force. Cyprus, a strong air base and possibly also a naval base, could also be maintained to aid in the vital retention of control at the extreme east end of the Mediterranean. Mr. Garratt ends on a note of doubt about whether our ruling class really have the will to hold anything. This he finds a matter for regret, in spite of our dubious part in Gibraltar and elsewhere. He believes that Britain has, on the whole, stood for certain fundamental concepts of justice and decency and objects to surrendering her power to people without any such tradition. He concludes : " There have been, at various times in our occupation of the Rock, good and valid arguments for restoring Gibraltar to Spain, but there are none for surrendering it under duress to be controlled by some other non-Spanish Power."

D. W.

Penguin Guides. Edited by L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD. Kent, Sussex and Surrey, by S. E. Winbolt. Lake District, by W. T. Palmer. Derbyshire, by F. C. Malton. Devon, by F. L. and E. A. Loveridge. Cornwall, by J. W. Lambert. Somerset, by S. E. Winbolt. 6*d*. each.

Hutchinson's Pocket Guides. Edited by W. S. SHEARS. Hants, Isle of Wight, Wilts and Dorset, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Devon and Cornwall. 6*d*. each.

Both of these series provide so exactly the thing we want for summer months that it is amazing we should have had to wait so long for them. They are brief, factual, compact, well-printed and well-indexed, and they cost only sixpence ! The *Penguin Guides* have the advantage of an excellent 8-page section of maps in the middle ; Hutchinson's make up with 16 full-page illustrations. It will not be long before the whole of England is covered by these little surveys ; and then the problem of what to do and where to go for a holiday will have become more acute than ever.

About Motoring

HIT FOR SIX !

I, WHO for many years on sundry pages and in divers manners have written about motoring, at last tackle the subject from the standpoint of a mere pedestrian severely damaged by what Chiozza Money in a peevish moment described as the " hoot-and-kill " brigade. In other words, whilst walking on my lawful occasions this month I was hit for six by a small saloon car. The guilt which adds one unit to the " injured " column of the month's casualties, should perhaps be shared equally between myself as momentarily a jay-walker, and a driver who showed singularly little resource. I emerged after dark from a lecture hall, and before crossing a busy street looked both ways to see if all was clear. I reached the central refuge in safety, and all but completed the second half of the transit. The city being old, I found myself confronted with a very ancient and worn three-step kerb, visibly greasy after the rain. As my rubber-soled shoes had already tended to skid, I essayed the steps with caution. I had planted my right foot upon step No. 1 with great firmness, when a small car, coming up much faster than seemed possible, cut my left leg from under me with its near fender, cast me into the air, and deposited me with great violence upon the granite setts. I remember nothing between the ferocious impact of the fender on my left shin, and finding myself supported by a curiously silent crowd on a road which was full of paused cars with staring lamps. There were no police about. Much more surprisingly, no amateur claimed to be expert in first aid. Still more surprisingly, not a soul spoke except my assailant. Silent, dazed and unresisting, I was seized, and pushed into the rear compartment of the small car which had hit me, whilst my assailant immediately drove off, doubtless to escape any resentment which might develop in the crowd, or any cross-examination by tardily-arriving constables. When we had escaped to a safe distance, he asked me very politely how I was, and whether I would like to be taken home or to a hospital. By this time my scattered wits were beginning to return, and I remember being half-annoyed and half-surprised by the inertia of his girl friend. They were both quite young. She had been sitting in the left-hand front seat throughout, had never turned to look at her lover's victim, and had not addressed a solitary word to me or to him . . . possibly he had so gratuitously hit me because they were involved in a lovers' tiff ? He displayed no more agitation than she did ; his attitude might easily have been more apologetic if he had accidentally trodden on my toe in a theatre queue. My wits were now sharpening rapidly, and I began to speculate on the sense of irresponsibility conferred by having a plutocratic insurance company at one's back, and also wondered whether he had already sustained one or two collisions so that he felt no anxiety about his no-claim bonus.

I felt myself cautiously. The word " buxom " has been defined in respect of womanhood as meaning " plump in the proper places." I was obviously very plump indeed in places which were anything but proper, but I know no comprehensive monosyllable specially coined to indicate such a condition. I decided I should prefer to be taken to my hotel—I dislike hospitals. He made no answer, but turned the car round at the first opportunity, drove to my hotel, stopped outside it, helped me out, pressed into my hand a (very soiled) cap, a pair of

To Periodical and other Publishers

At 10 Great Turnstile (the building of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION) there are several rooms available, well suited as Editorial Offices, also general office accommodation on the ground floor and considerable warehouse room. This accommodation could be had immediately, and with or without publishing or other clerical facilities, as desired.

The building overlooks the Benchers' Gardens of Lincoln's Inn and is only a few yards from High Holborn. It was selected for its exceptional quietness combined with an easy accessibility.

If interested, please get into touch with Mr. John Roberts, Manager of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Holborn 3216

NO WAR —NO HOLIDAY

London children will be evacuated in a national emergency, but we all hope none will arise. Yet it may truly be said that for thousands of poor London boys and girls evacuation is their only chance of seeing the country this summer.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund, for many years, has taken tens of thousands of London children from smoky and dirt-laden streets into health-giving parts of the country for a fortnight's respite.

If you could see these London children revelling in the joys of the country, you would spontaneously give every penny you could afford, and perhaps more, towards the difference between what these holidays cost and what the parents themselves can contribute.

The economical management of this fund is sufficiently well-known to need no emphasis here, but we must stress the point that with all the present demands on charity, even this Fund may get overlooked by some.

If you respond to our appeal *now*, it removes the chance of its being overlooked by you, and it enables us to make arrangements in advance, which is a very definite advantage and an economy in itself.

A fortnight costs the Fund roughly One Pound per child.

To HON. TREASURER

C. C. H. F.

Room "Y," 17 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2

CRUISES TO GREEK ISLANDS
20 DAYS—FROM 29 GNS. FULLY INCLUSIVE.
Aug. 10-29 and Aug. 25-Sept. 13.
Visiting: Venice, Delphi, Athens, Istanbul, Samothrace, Lesbos, Olympia, Miletus, Dubrovnik, Mycenæ, &c. 29-75 gns., including 2nd class rail fare to Venice, meals en route, and all shore excursions.
ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS LIMITED,
54/55 Princes House, Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, S.W.1. REGent 2630.

BOOKS ABOUT MUSIC
AN EXHIBITION covering the whole range of musical literature, and including original music MSS., is being held here in connection with the London Music Festival, April 24—May 28.
J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.
Booksellers to His Majesty the King.
477 OXFORD ST., W.1

To make your teeth Sparkling White
Use KOLYNOS,
the tooth paste which Dentists advise. KOLYNOS protects and preserves the teeth, keeps them free from harmful germs which cause decay. *Your teeth stay cleaner—longer.* 1/9, 1/- and 6d. of all Chemists and Stores.
KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM REGD.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

QUIETUDE without stagnation at Welwyn. This pleasant little place in "Homely Herts" is only half an hour from King's Cross, but it is a self-contained town with a life of its own. Living in Welwyn is healthier and more interesting than in a suburb, and you can rent a house from £66 per annum upwards. Or for sale, from £700 to £3,000. Attractive new illustrated folder free on request from N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 248.

OLD thatched cottage to let furnished in Herts, 35 miles London; 3 bed., 2 recep., kitchen, bath, garden, garage. All electric. RICHARDSON, 133 Ebury Street. Vic. 1439.

FOR SALE or to let furnished, Essex, charming 7-roomed cottage; 3 acres, garden, orchard, field. Water, sanitation, bath, telephone; 1 m. from village, 7 m. main line, 15 m. Canabs. £1,200 freehold or 3 *gns.* p.w. furnished. Apply Box 4819.

GUEST House in most delightful part of Surrey for sale; 7 bedrooms (with h. and c. basins), 3 reception, sun lounge, 2 bathrooms, usual offices, E. light, gas, company's water. Over half an acre. Sandy soil. Good connection. Box 4794.

COLCHESTER. £950, detached, three bedrooms, garage, high ground, near station, pleasant garden, orchard. Box 4750.

MODERN Cottage to let furnished. Unspoilt country. Tonbridge district. Garage. Electricity. Box 4747.

KENT, near Wrotham. Charmingly furnished little bungalow, suit two. Lovely view. 25s. weekly. Box 4743.

LARGE Bungalow on acre of land (freehold) on slope of Surrey hills near Caterham for sale; 750 feet above sea level. S. aspect. Magnificent view to South Downs. Extreme outer edge of neutral area. Two large and two smaller rooms, small lounge hall, kitchen, bathroom, separate w.c., electricity, company's water. View any time, by appointment preferred. Write to S. W. CHESTERTON, Elsydia, Gravelly Hill, Caterham.

BUNGALOW, sell or let, furnished or unfurnished. Essex-Herts border, 28 miles London. Garage. Modern conveniences. Willing let part, owner using remainder occasionally. Box 4751.

CORNWALL for Holidays. To let furnished any time till end of August, small, well-equipped cottage near Tintagel; 2 sitting, 4 bedrooms (sleep 5). Bathroom, fixed basins, h. and c., electricity. Half-acre garden. DR. TAYLOR, Vine House, Sevenoaks.

WEST RUNTON, till mid-July. Well-equipped Bungalow. H. and c. throughout. Garage. Garden. Telephone. Near links, woods, shops, station, sea. Write CHRISTOPHERSON, Swaffham, Norfolk.

BARGAIN. Six-roomed house in Cornwall. Beautiful views. Electric light and power, central heating. H. and C. basins. Telephone. Garage. Kitchen and offices. For sale or exchange sale for house within 60 miles London (S.W. or N.W.). Freehold, £1,350. Box 4761.

FURNISHED studio flat to let in quiet Hammersmith Square. Summer months; 1-2 persons. Box 4691.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. To let furnished, two-roomed flat, modern block. £10 monthly. Electricity, lighting, cooking included. PRI. 1692. 6.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.

QUIET, self-contained suite of two large and light rooms, lobby and cloakroom, next door to the NEW STATESMAN offices. Rent £95 per annum. Apply Box 4797.

GREAT ORMOND STREET. Charming top flat with balcony, to let. Newly decorated. Bedroom, sitting room, kitchen, bathroom and hall. Rent 30s. per week. Apply Box 4818 or telephone Park 6513.

WRITER offers to suitable tenant self-contained flat in non-basement house, W.2 district. Two living rooms, good bathroom and kitchen. Garden outlook both sides. Rent £90. Apply Box 4805.

LIBRARY and secondhand bookshop. Rent 25s. inc. Good stock. Everything £25 if sold before June. Box 4780.

WANTED. Small detached house, near Worcester. Might buy cottage. Modern villas unwanted. Box 4775.

LADY artist, wishing to paint in the country, requires unfurnished cottage, two or three rooms, within easy reach of London. Moderate rent. Box 4746.

spectacles (broken), and a tobacco pouch (open and practically empty). "I hope you feel all right?" he enquired coolly.

By this time I had come to the conclusion that his apparent callousness was due to sheer fright. The couple were of the clerk type, and I decided they possessed sufficient control not to fuss or turn hysterical, as I have often seen innocent drivers do immediately after a road crash; and I felt they were intelligent enough to guess that the sequel might be anxious if I was seriously hurt. So I thanked him warmly for transporting me to the hotel, and told him not to worry; I thought I had sustained nothing worse than a few bruises, but asked for his card as a matter of form. He had no card, but gave me his number, and dictated a name and address (the latter in a cheap housing area); my assurances justified my diagnosis of his psychology, for they made him almost tearfully friendly and solicitous.

Certain morals follow. I have seen limbs practically severed by the sharp steel edges of front mudguards and bonnet valances; but this spring steel fender did not even break the skin of my shin—it merely printed a multi-coloured template of the springs in high relief! Every car should be made by law to fit front fenders. As far as I can judge from my bruises, my shoulder hit the sidelamp, my head hit the nearside front edge of the roof, and I was hurled clean over the car to fall plunk on my left side in the road; there is not a mark on my right side. I weigh 16 stone and the car must have been doing 40 m.p.h. to hoist me in that fashion; yet I escaped with very slight temporary concussion and severe multiple bruises. This indicates how puddingly one falls when complete surprise prevents us from anticipating the crash and instinctively stiffening ourselves in some wild effort at self-preservation; I fell like a baby or a drunken man, and was practically unhurt. This very charming young man did not inform the police, as required by law; and if I had made a fuss, he would have got into serious trouble on that score. The culpability was partly mine, as I must have cut the crossing tolerably fine; but much more his, as no alert driver need hit a pedestrian with only one foot on the roadway when the rest of the carriage-way is absolutely clear; a six-inch swerve would have missed me altogether. If I had been a yard later, I should very probably have been killed, and my charming young friend might have been on trial for manslaughter—so narrow is the margin between a mere brush and a crime. I shall never again pay much attention to the testimony of a pedestrian who is knocked down; I sustained a black-out of perhaps a couple of minutes, trivial as my actual injuries were; and though I believe I know the exact position prior to the crash, memory may deceive me. Finally, I advise any readers involved in a similar mishap to refuse to be removed until the police arrive. It is obvious that I should have extreme difficulty in unearthing any witnesses twenty-four hours later; and the charming young man's girl friend would probably endorse any tale he might concoct for the witness-box. If the victim should require redress, the insurance company is unlikely to be generous unless information in the hands of the police locates blame on the insured motorist. And the police know their job; in attending to victims they never overlook the possible demand for independent witnesses.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 478

Set by H. B. Mallalieu

Humane societies view with favour a proposal to impose a tax on cats, on the grounds that any step which will increase the status of the cat is desirable. The usual prizes are offered for the best poem, of not more than 24 lines, on this subject.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 5th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 476

Set by L. W. Bailey

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for extracts of not more than 300 words from an imaginary proletarian novel or short story. It should be remembered that "Proletarian Literature" is often written by people with little knowledge of the class they describe.

Report by L. W. Bailey

There are evidently many NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers who are unfamiliar with contemporary "Proletarian Literature." About a third of the entries to this competition consisted of facetious jokes about the rich thinking the poor never wash and the poor thirsting for the blood of the "bloated capitalists," and generally displayed a wit which contained more *Punch* than punch.

Amongst the remainder the various schools of "proletarian" writing were well represented. We had

Metaphor:

A whistle blew; the screech of outraged capitalism. Bull-like policemen thundered down the road, hitting out with their truncheons. Screaming like trapped sea-gulls, the unemployed scattered. Seasoned wood beat an anvil chorus on their pates. (Alan R. Thomas.)

Pastoral:

There was haddock for tea. The flowers drooped in their vase. "Mash the ruddy tea, Ma," said Bert, removing his collar. (Lionel Williams.)

Realism:

She would take down the leg of mutton left over from last Sunday's dinner and would dip it twice into a saucepan full of hot water. Then she would wipe over the leg of mutton with a damp cloth and would wring out the cloth over the contents of the saucepan. Then she would hang up the leg of mutton again. It was not much of a meal. All he deserved, though, the good-for-nothing lout. (W. R.)

Local Colour:

"Where's your card?" asked the clerk.

"Me card?" shouted the docker, "It's at bottom o' t' bloody dock, that's wheer it is. Wheer thee ought ter be, ay, an' t' bloody minister an' a'." (H. Broadbent.)

Emotion:

"John, listen. You know how you have given up—well—football pools, darts—for the cause? One successful strike, yes; but the system still stands—and well, I'm devoting myself to it. There is no 'us,' except as—comrades." (G. S. B.)

Political Consciousness:

"Could the problem of distribution be fully analysed in that medium?" enquired the paralytic dredger-hand, doubtfully picking his decayed teeth. (Barbara Fletcher.)

The above all had brilliant passages rather than sustained merit. In short parodies of this kind an incongruous phrase can ruin the effect of the whole. Regretting that John Gray had to be disqualified for over-obscenity and W.R. for exceeding the word-limit, I was left with D. Sturge Moore, Pithecus, Robert Kee, I. F. Parry and Philip Toynbee as possible winners. Robert Kee would have received a prize but for the inclusion of a long and feeble poem which carried him over the 300 mark. After some hesitation I recommend I. F. Parry's supper-table scene for First Prize, and Philip Toynbee's neat bit of interior monologue for Second. L. W. BAILEY

FIRST PRIZE

"This is the way the world ends," observed Father, turning his attention to the supper of fish and chips on the table.

"Who says so?" asked Mother.

"Why, this feller Eliot," said Father, and he picked up his knife to scrape the usual black thumb-prints off his bread and butter.

"Why don't you go and look for work, instead of sittin' there readin' all day? It's only puttin' ideas into your head."

"And what's the harm in that, may I ask?"

"Harm enough when a hulking brute like you has nothing better to do than to read sissy books." She thrust an agitated elbow against a cup, and tea spilled all over the table.

"Fer cryin' out loud," yelled Fred. "Right over my coupons. Why the blazes don't you two quit naggin'?" And he took a soiled, ragged towel, which always hung beside the fireplace, and mopped up the mess with it.

"Now then, my lad, don't you speak to your mother like that," mumbled Father, through a mouthful of chips.

"Who was naggin', anyway?" said Mother. "Can't I open my mouth in my own house? And there's little enough money already, without you throwing it away on them things."

"Aw, Ma, don't start on that again. You know I only just missed gettin' three thousand quid last week," said Fred.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Little Ladyship. Thurs., Sat.
APOLLO. Gas Light. Tues. & Sats.
COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats.
CRITERION. Sugar Plum. Tues., Sats.
DRURY LANE. The Dancing Years. W., S.
DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. Wed., Sat.
PALACE. Under Your Hat. Wed., Sat.
PRINCES. When We Are Married. Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.
SADLER'S WELLS. Opera & Ballet. Sat.
ST. JAMES. Geneva. Wed. & Sat.
SAVILLE. Johnson Over Jordan. Wed., Sat.
SAVOY. Robert's Wife. Wed., Sat.
WESTMINSTER. Candida. Wed., Sat.
WHITEHALL. Doctor's Dilemma. Wed., Sat.

OPERA & BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.
2*d.* bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
Next Week. TUESDAY, at 8.30. BALLET (Le Lac des Cygnes, Act 2, Cupid and Psyche, Horoscope).
WED., 8.0. HUGH THE DROVER, followed by JOB.
THURS., 8.30. BALLET (A Wedding Bouquet, Checkmate, Façade).
FRIDAY, at 8.0. RIGOLETTO.
SAT. next, at 2.30. HUGH THE DROVER, followed by JOB.
SAT. next, at 8.0. MADAM BUTTERFLY.

THE ARTS THEATRE OF CAMBRIDGE
Cambridge University Musical Society
MOZART'S IDOMENEO
May 2nd–6th, 8.15. Mat., May 6th, 2.30. 2*s.* 6*d.*—10*s.* 6*d.*
IRENE EISINGER
Elizabeth Abercrombie, Eric Starling, Elizabeth Darbishire, Robert Rowell.
Producer: Camille Prior. Conductor: Boris Ord.
Return bus London-Cambg, May 5th. Apply Theatre.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30
LILLI PALMER CECIL 'ARKER in
IAN HAY'S New Comedy, HIT
LITTLE LADYSHIP

APOLLO. (GERrard 2663)
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Sat., 2.30
GAS LIGHT
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES

CRITERION. (WHI. 3844.) EVENINGS at 8.40.
Matinees, TUESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30.
RONALD SQUIRE. KAY HAMMOND in
SUGAR PLUM. A LIGHT COMEDY.

DRURY LANE. (TEMple Bar 7171.)
Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS and IVOR NOVELLO
THE DANCING YEARS

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
UNDER YOUR HAT

PRINCES. Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S LAUGHING SUCCESS
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED
LONDON'S CHEAPEST PRICES, 1*s.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* (Tem. 6596.)

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evenings at 8.15 sharp.
Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST. JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. BY DODIE SMITH.

ST. JAMES. (Whi. 3903.) Evenings at 8.15.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S play of the moment
GENEVA. (LAST WEEKS.)

ST. MARTIN'S (Tem. 1443). TUES., May 2, at 8.
(Subs. 8.30. First Mat., FRI., May 5, at 2.30.)
ANMER HALL presents:—
NORA SWINBURNE, JOHN WYSE in
THIRD PARTY RISK.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
RALPH RICHARDSON, EDNA BEST in
JOHNSON OVER JORDAN
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
ROBERT'S WIFE
ST. JOHN ERVINE'S Sensational Success.
1*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* ALL SEATS BOOKABLE.

TORCH. (SLO. 9967.) Evgs., incl. Sun., 8.30.
CARRIE AND CLEOPATRA (H. E. Bates).
FRI., MAY 5, **Four One-act Plays.**
Seats 1*s.* 9*d.* to 5*s.* 9*d.* (Members only).
Particulars: TORCH THEATRE, 37 WILTON PLACE, S.W.1.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
EXTENDED TO MAY 21st.
BABES IN THE WOOD
A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Seats: 1/– to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/–, Share 1/–).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE.
TEDDIE ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES.
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF THE LAMBETH WALK. SECOND YEAR.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 8*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* bkle.
Nightly, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
Until May 6th only.
BERNARD SHAW'S **CANDIDA**
Catherine Lacey, Julien Mitchell, Miles Otway.

WHITEHALL. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY,
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
HALF PRICES, 1*s.* 6*d.* TO 6*s.* 3*d.*, ALL BOOKABLE Whi. 6692.

REPERTORY THEATRES

LIVERPOOL. Evgs., 7.45. **The Playhouse**
Reunion in Vienna
Robert Sherwood.

CROYDON REPERTORY. (Croydon 6001.)
May 1st. Evgs., 8. Mats., W. 2.30, Sat. 5 p.m.
Glorious Morning. Norman MacOwan.

VARIETY

COLISEUM, Charing X. TEMple Bar 3161.
May 1st. Evgs., 6.25 and 9, Sats., 2.30. ELSIE & DORIS WATERS, Syd. Seymour and his Mad Hatters, George Lacy, Will Hay Junior, Darmora Dancers, Six Yuk Ching, Jimmie Elliott, Dehl Trio, &c.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
FRANCOISE ROSAY
as the lion tamer!
in **"Les Gens Du Voyage"** (A)
Also *ALBANIA* (U). Topical!

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505
Two famous stars in a romantic Russian drama.
SIMONE SIMON and HARRY BAUR
in **"Les Yeux Noirs"** (A).
(Black Eyes.)

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, MAY 1st, for SEVEN DAYS
LOUIS JOUVET in
EDUCATION DE PRINCE (A)
also **The Londoners** (U)
The L.C.C. Jubilee Film.

LONDON PAVILION. GERrard 2982.
Commencing Monday, May 1st, from 10 a.m.
"UP THE RIVER" (U)
with PRESTON FOSTER, TONY MARTIN.
Also **"The Crooked Way"** (A).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months " "	15s. 0d.
Three " "	7s. 6d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

RESTAURANTS

THE diner's dream of home. RULES, Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

OLD FRIEND. New Management. ROBERT & JOHN. Good cook. Lunches teas. Adam St., Adelphi.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

FOR THE TABLE

EMPIRE COFFEE.—3lbs. finest Kenya Coffee, freshly roasted, berry or ground, for 5*s.* 6*d.*, post paid in United Kingdom.—Write RALPH RICHARDSON, Coffee Planter, Coffee Depot, Ware, Herts.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

BEAUTIFULLY appointed service rooms with baths and breakfast from 5*s.* 6*d.* per night. Double from 50*s.* per week. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Flax. 1181.

"PITCHED betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross." Two unfurnished rooms vacant in woman's attractive South London flat; 20 minutes Westminster. Beautiful outlook. 26*s.*, including elec., gas. Box 4756.

LARGE garden room, box room, kitchen, c.h.w.; lovely outlook (S.S.E.). 27*s.* 6*d.* incl. Primrose 1043.

LADY wishes to recommend attractive cottage on village green Esher (Surrey), where Frenchwoman (English by marriage) will take paying guests and if desired, give expert lessons in cooking or French. Reasonable terms. Box 4705.

MODERN rooms in quiet house with garden. Meals as required. 91 Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6. Maida Vale 1951.

CHELSEA. Large attic room, unfurnished; elec. light, use bath; 10*s.* weekly. Box 4806.

LARGE, light divan bed-sitting room, newly decorated; some attendance; gas ring and cooker, bath, telephone, garden; use of Schiedmayer Grand piano if desired; quiet road, but near bus and tube. £1 per week. Apply 73a Elsham Road, W.14. Park 7978.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Large bed-sitting room in quiet pleasant house, with breakfast, 30*s.* 5 Blenheim Road, N.W.8.

BUSINESS woman would share beautiful four-roomed flat in a Bloomsbury Square with another woman or married couple. Box 4770.

ARTIST has unfurnished room, Great Ormond Street. Bachelor's chambers. Service optional. 15*s.* Box 4777.

LARGE furnished studio, use of kitchen, bathroom, garden. Gate to heath. Six months or monthly. Woman or couple. Box 4790.

A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25*s.* Bed-B'fast. 37*s.* 6*d.* part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.), alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18*s.* 6*d.* BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c., from 12*s.* 6*d.* Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5*s.* 6*d.* nightly with breakfast, from 23*s.* 6*d.* weekly.

HAMPSTEAD. Bed-sitting rooms for business men. Breakfast, h. and c., near L.M.S., tube, buses, heath. 26 Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Hamp. 3654.

SMALL room to let in girl's Hampstead flat. Furnished or unfurnished. Box 4813.

CHELSEA. 36 Oakley Street. Large front divan room, 32*s.* 6*d.* with breakfast, light and service. Flaxman 0276.

UNFURNISHED, St. John's Wood, delightful very large double parquet-room or studio, 35*s.*, smaller 22*s.* 6*d.* and 17*s.* 6*d.* Attractively re-decorated house. Every comfort. Service available. 35 Marlborough Hill, N.W.8. Pri. 5419.

ETON AVENUE, Swiss Cottage. Those interested in International Friendship, good food and hot baths, ring Pri. 6466. 2 *gns.* per week.

NOTTING HILL GATE (1 min.). New unfurnished flatlets, overlooking lovely gardens. Luxuriously equipped. Concealed h. and c. basins. Built-in cupboards. Service, meals as required. From £1 weekly. 62 Kensington Park Road, W.11. Park 4589.

WANTED immediately. Bed-studio or similar, Regent's Park district. Quiet, roomy, well-lit. Padd. 6769 before 10.

FURNISHING

SUMMER Curtains and Rugs in bright stripes, from Cyprus, handwoven, of a rich colour and texture. Curtains 3*s.* 6*d.* per yard; Rugs, 72" long, 16*s.* each. Sole Importer, Gerald Holtom, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

"Don't be daft, Fred," said Father.
"Don't you dare speak like that to my son," screamed Mother.
"I can if I want to," said Father.
"Not while I'm in this house," yelled Mother.
"Oh, won't I?" snarled Father, rising from the table.
"Let me tell you, you lump of . . ."
"Fer cryin' out loud," said Fred. "Quit that naggin' will yer?"

I. F. PARRY

SECOND PRIZE

". . . not the sort to complain, that's me, but when it comes to him just sending for me that way, cool as a cucumber, sitting there in his ritzy office and smoking a fat cigar. . . .

"'Out!' he says, jerking his thumb at the door, and it isn't for myself I'm worrying but what with the wife having quads and them rats in the parlour, big as my fist, and the rent and the Old Man's funeral expenses. . . . Next thing we know it'll be Vimy Ridge all over again. Had enough of that last time.

"Saw his daughter to-day, that Lady Geraldine; a nice piece I *will* say, and smelling sweet as roses. Like to have a go at that piece one day; makes me feel pretty virile. Remember the Old Man, getting up five o'clock of a morning when I was a kid . . . muscles on his back to make you fair shiver.

"Some people have all the luck . . . that Cliveden Set. . . ."

PHILIP TOYNBEE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 330.—"HE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER"

"Grandparents," said young Basil Bloodsport, "are a *most* annoying race."

"Indeed," said I, sympathetically. "What have yours been doing?"

"Dying," answered Basil. "Pegged out yesterday. If he'd only lived twelve months longer I should have inherited £1,100."

"And as it is," said I, "you get nothing?"

Basil laughed. "Oh, come," he said, "it's not as bad as all that. This was the idiotic provision the old man made When he died, our ages ——"

"—— Ages in years?"

"—— Yes, our ages in years—mine and Muriel's and Desmond's—were all to be added together. Then a number of pounds equal to the square of the total was to be divided between the three of us in proportion to our respective ages."

I made some calculations. Then "Cheer up," I said. "You haven't done too badly. Your grandfather might have died, for instance, a year before he did die. That—if I've got your ages right—would have cost Muriel exactly £100."

"That's right," said Basil. "And Desmond would have received £200 less than what he would have got had that £1,100 come to me."

How old is Basil?

PROBLEM 328.—HOLIDAY TASK

Solution by A. G. Bennett

£20.10.0 is 4,920 pence. If n is the number of problems and x the number of competitors, then

$$\frac{n\,(n+1)\,(x-1)}{2} = 4{,}920 = 41 \times 120$$

giving as the only possible solution n = 40 and x = 7.

There are seven different ways in which the 40 problems can be divided between the competitors, but only one of these fits the conditions. Snoggins solves 6 problems, the star performer Crabtree bags 10, and the others score 2, 3, 4, 7, and 8 respectively.

Crabtree therefore pays out 8*s.* 8*d.* and collects £1 7*s.* 6*d.*

Crabtree wins 18*s.* 10*d.*

An astonishing number of competitors—I should think over 100—have correctly solved this by no means easy problem.

PROBLEM 327.—THE MATHEMATICAL EXHIBITION.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Dr. R. C. Evans, 8, Fitzwilliam Street, Cambridge. *Seven* points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

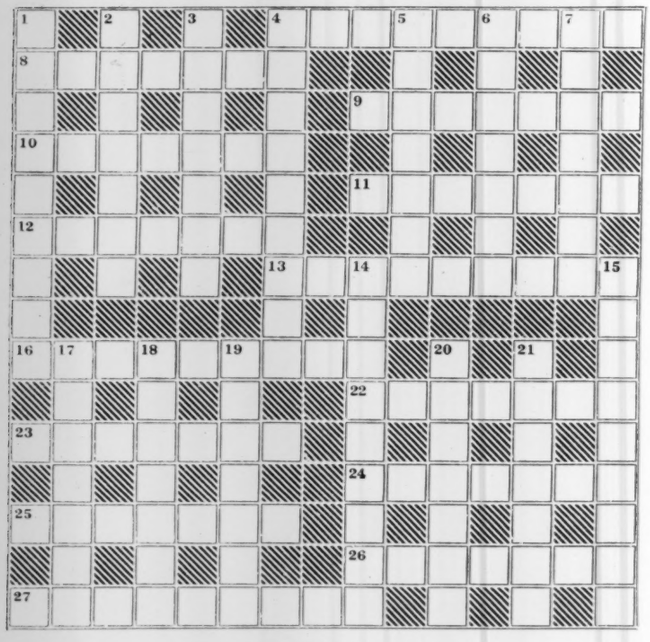
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 477

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Miss E. C. Williams, "Cribarth," Cherry Grove, Sketty, Swansea

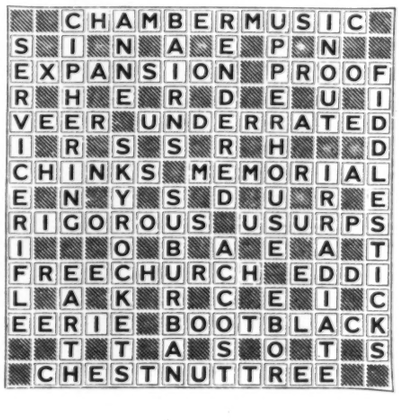
ACROSS

4. For this the track is electrically run. (9)
8. Royal portions. (7)
9. One of the British Isles. (7)
10. Impertinence to greyhounds on the track? (7)
11. They are being constantly taken in. (7)
12. Percy plays for Tottenham no doubt. (7)
13. The wise men in society? (9)
16. They may be one's trial. (9)
22. According to popular saying, this must be a series of repetitions. (7)
23. How the arm kicks. (7)
24. O, a stanza in the interval across the water. (7)
25 (rev.). How to ensure the truth of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." (7)
26. Allured by a yorker in the end. (7)
27. He delivers the goods — at the double, of course. (9)

DOWN

1. Does it enable one to sit down in The Wash? (9)
2. The little beds are about to arrive. (7)
3. They take you all out, and all in too you will see. (7)
4. A peer as odd as the worst sort of daredevil. (9)
5. One gets into a sorry state with it. (7)
6. Pointless sort of weapon for a king. (7)
7. Animal whose hind parts would make you laugh. (7)
14. Fee for shutting up. (9)
15. They do the illuminating jobs presumably. (9)
17. Hanoverian voter. (7)
18. Useful disability for Billingsgate workers. (7)
19. Born and brought up invalidly. (7)
20. Caps set for looks. (7)
21. Suitable material for the Kent pickers. (7)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres, rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 2.

TATSFIELD, Surrey. Attractive Guest House on Kent border, 20 miles from London. Beautiful garden. Every comfort. Riding available. Terms: 3 *gns.* per week. Write for particulars to the SECRETARY, The Schola, Tatsfield, Westerham, Kent. 'Phone: Tatsfield 7.

CORNWALL. Glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Comfortably furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period—holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Village near. Book now for Whitsun and summer holidays. Terms and photos. Sevier, Pendeen Cornwall.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas*.

ENGLISH LAKES
LANGDALE ESTATE offers unique and varied accommodation amidst 25 acres of private grounds situated in this beautiful Lakeland valley. Furnished cottages, guest house, sleeping cabins and the new Pillar Hotel. Illustrated booklet (N.): MANAGER, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, nr. Ambleside.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

COME along to NORTH WALES, where mountains run down to the sea. Come and sun-bathe on golden sands; 28 resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Climbing, bathing, fishing, sailing, all sports and amusements. 2d. stamp for Guide, Dept. 11, Llanfairfechan. Cheap fares by L.M.S.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

KILDARE. Grand riding holiday. Fishing. Terms: £2 10s. MRS. DIX, Lios Cluana, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. Ordinary or vegetarian diet.

A HOLIDAY at Harrogate is not merely a matter of resting from fatigue—it is a preparation for the days ahead. Amid lovely scenes Harrogate recharges you with lasting energy. Easy and quick to reach, too, by Rail. Guide free from L. A. WILSHERE, Information Bureau, Harrogate.

MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Ideal. 2½–4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Quiet holidays near sea and Downs. Home-made fare. 42s. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

COUNTY Tipperary. Furnished flat, offered lady liking quiet holiday. Conveniences. 30s. Country produce. Box 4706.

SANDOWN HOTEL, SANDOWN, I.W. Fully licensed. First-class family Hotel on the Sea Front. H. & C. all rooms. Billiards and Games Room. Garages. Modern and comfortable equipment. Moderate terms. Write MANAGERESS for illustrated brochure. Telephone: Sandown 72.

CORNWALL. Comfortable Guest House in unspoilt Cornish village. Modern conveniences. Sea and country. Excellent cuisine. Yachting, boating, bathing, fishing. MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan-by-Fowey.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Beautifully situated own grounds overlooking sea and downs. Golf adjacent. Excellent cooking. Garage. YOUNG, Stonehenge, Chale.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week. Apply MANAGER.

THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ *guineas* weekly.

Holiday Suggestions

MINEHEAD. CONWAY PRIVATE HOTEL, The Avenue ('phone: Minehead 26). This comfortable private hotel adjoins promenade; few yards sea. Hot and cold running water in all bedrooms; gas fires in most; own tennis court, free to visitors. Noted for comfort and service. MR. and MRS. S. W. DEED.

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel. 280711.

ACHILL HEAD HOTEL, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Situated amidst magnificent scenery. Hot and cold running water. Motor launch belonging to Hotel for deep-sea fishing and cruising. Electric light. Fully licensed. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.A. appointments. Full particulars apply JOHN MACNAMARA (Proprietor).

W. SUSSEX. XVth Cent. Guest House. Warm, comfortable. Downs, ideal walking centre. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough (Sutton 229).

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

ASHDOWN FOREST. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. A delightful home; 14 bedrooms, hot and cold running water, private bathrooms, electric light. Large peaceful garden. Tennis. Own vegetables, chickens and eggs. Good cooking. Efficient service. Garage. Golf and riding. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family takes guests. XVIIth Cent. farm house. Comfort, books, good cooking, open fires, h. & c. some rooms, good centre, lovely district. From 2½ *gns.* Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "VICTORIA," leading hotel between Honister Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. (Reduced terms.)

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

XVIth-CENTURY Cottage Guest House. Beautiful country. Near sea. NEALE, Loders, Bridport.

DONEGAL. Glenbay Hotel, Malinmore. Bracing sea and mountain air. Unrivalled cliffs. Good bathing. Fishing. Excellent cuisine. Apply CUNNINGHAM.

ROSS-ON-WYE, Quiet, bracing, sunny situation. Excellent cuisine. Separate tables. Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, Galen Lodge.

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word ★ for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first.) Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY.

Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. Homely board-residence, 42s. weekly. Ideal quiet holiday, overlooking sea. York House, 29 Cantelupe Road.

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply MRS. PRIESTLEY, Raghery House.

ACHILL ISLAND. Slievemore Hotel. Largest and oldest established. Close to sea. A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Apply HOPE CLAPHAM.

TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3 *gns.* Resident Director: MRS. HARRISON.

CORNWALL. Barnoon End, St. Ives, for delightful early holidays. Quiet. Lovely views. Every comfort. Central. 'Phone: 488. From 2½ *gns.*

EASTBOURNE. "Mona House," Compton Street. Small comf. pte. hotel. Two mins. sea, Devonshire Pk. Excellent cuisine, service. Mod. inc. terms. MATTHEWS. 'Phone: 2597.

THE LIMES GUEST HOUSE, Nutley, Sussex ('Phone: 3). Overlooking Ashdown Forest. Modern home comforts. Sunny gardens with tennis court. Garages. Golf, riding; 23 miles Eastbourne and Brighton. R.A.C. appointed.

HOVE (Brighton). "Highclere," 58 Brunswick Place. Comfort. Good cuisine. Pleasant atmosphere. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hove 3993.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House (Seaford 3008). Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

THE blossom is out now. Undiscovered countryside. Guest House with every comfort. Wonderful walking and touring. Bus route. Linton Hall, Ross-on-Wye.

NORTH WALES. Beddgelert. Charming small hotel. Snowdonia. A.A. Mountains, Rivers and Peace. Seven miles sea. Erw Fair Private Hotel.

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

FARMHOUSE accommodation; sea ¾ mile, all cooking home-made, good approach for cars, lovely coastal scenery, bus route, shooting, golf near. H. and c. water. Modern conveniences. Terms: £2 10s. Higher Hendra Farm, Bodmin, Cornwall.

CORNWALL. Beautifully situated farmhouse, midway Polperro–Fowey. Excellent food. Modern conveniences. Safe bathing. 'Phone: Polruan 47.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea and golf. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

LAKELAND. Buttermere Valley. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth, Cumberland. 3 *gns.* weekly. 'Phone: Lorton 240.

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

BRITTANY for early summer. South Coast. Guests received modernised private house. 50 acres on sea. Tourist centre. Car. From 75 *frs.* per day. MADAME CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, Beuzec Conq. Finistere.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 75. inclusive.

PERSONAL service for visitors to New York World's Fair: meeting at pier; guidance and advice regarding hotels, lodgings, restaurants, taxis, sightseeing, tours, etc. Folder on request. References. Address: FAIR SERVICE, 32 Thomas Street, New York City.

SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors, Schoolboys and Girls; also "Popular Art" and "Food Industry" parties. Dates and prices from: SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

PYRENEES. Anglo-French family would receive few guests in quiet comfortable country house. Write: Mme. DANNATT, Rébénacq (B. Pyr.) France.

WHEN in Paris stay at the Paris-Orleans Hotel, 93 Rue de Lille, VII. Quiet, comfortable, central and moderate. English spoken.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

BUDGET—ROYAL DUTCH AND SHELL

GONE are the days when budgets were balanced. The function of the Chancellor in existing circumstances is to make the sum add up by adjusting his deficit in such a way as to call for a tax charge of a magnitude considered to be politically wise. The problem which Sir John Simon had to face last Tuesday was formidable. To the Supply Estimates already published he had to add £50 millions to cover projected Supplementaries for Defence—a provision which may have to be doubled in consequence of the decision to recruit a conscript army. As a margin for Civil Supplementary Estimates he provided only £5 millions, a sum almost wholly absorbed by the promised subsidy to shipping. The claims of agriculture have yet to be met; but since the Civil Departments under-spent by £10 millions last year, and deficit financing should lower considerably the cost of unemployment to the Treasury, the total provision of £447 millions for Civil Expenditure may prove to be adequate. Add the revised Defence allocation of £628 millions, and £247 millions for the Consolidated Fund: the resulting total works out at £1,322 millions.

* * *

To meet this expenditure the Treasury estimate was that the yield of existing taxes would be £918 millions in 1939-40. The calculation seems optimistic—particularly the assumption that last year's yield from Stamps and Estate Duties would be approximately repeated. Even so, the deficit in sight was £404 millions. To bridge it the Chancellor decided to enlarge his borrowing programme from £350 millions to £380 millions, and—having remitted the medicine duties and eased the theatre tax, at a total cost this year of £780,000—to collect an additional £25 millions from the tax-payer. The 10 per cent. addition to sur-tax rates imposed in 1931 is increased to 15 per cent. on £2,000-8,000 incomes and to 20 per cent. on higher amounts. Death duty on estates over £50,000 is surcharged by 10 per cent. The horse-power tax on private cars is raised as from next January by 10 shillings. Additional duties of 2*s.* per lb. on tobacco, one farthing per lb. on sugar, and 4½*d.* per square foot on photographic plates and film are imposed forthwith. The yield in 1939-40 and in a full year will be as follows:—

	1939-40 £	1940-41 £
Surtax	4,000,000	5,000,000
Estate Duty	3,000,000	5,000,000
Sugar	4,000,000	4,500,000
Tobacco	7,000,000	8,000,000
Films	800,000	1,050,000
Motors	6,250,000	11,500,000
Total	25,050,000	35,050,000

The list can hardly be described as imaginative, or conceived either with a view to fortifying revenue greatly in coming years or as part of a plan designed to place the country on a semi-war footing The tobacco duty, in so far as it influences a somewhat inelastic demand, may be regarded as incidentally helpful to the sterling-dollar exchange. It may also be claimed that, if the increased motor duties act as a deterrent to purchases of cars, particularly in the higher horse-power categories, they will have the effect of excluding American and Canadian imports and, simultaneously of helping the railways and freeing more plant for Defence requirements. I doubt, however, if this was the consideration uppermost in the Chancellor's mind. He seems rather to have gone on the principle of spreading the sacrifice between the rich (via sur-tax), the middling-income man (via his car) and the masses who smoke and eat sugar. From that standpoint the apportionment of burdens is fair enough. But in regard to motors, Sir John has pursued revenue at the cost of steepening a tax which is inherently vicious in its influence on design; and, if it had been desired to check demand for luxuries, a little ingenuity could surely have discovered other forms of taxation on non-essential consumption—to say nothing of the "Tote" and of Football Pools.

* * *

On the Stock Exchange the psychological reactions to the Budget were distinctly favourable. What had been depressing sentiment was the fear that the N.D.C. tax would be increased, which would have affected all equity shares. That the burdens of this tax, hated by industry and Stock Exchange alike, have not been made heavier was the cause for some rejoicing, but unhappily this did not lead to any increase in business. Herr Hitler proved to be a more dominant factor than Sir John Simon. The subsequent movements in prices, therefore, were not great. The gilt-edged market, cheered by the absence of any increase in income tax opened ½ to ¾ point higher, but lost its recovery before the end of the day. Home Railway stocks, responding to the hope that some travellers will be diverted from road to rail, advanced to begin with, but also partly lost their improvement. Motor shares did not seem to be particularly affected by the imposition of heavier taxation. The most marked movement in prices was seen in tobacco and brewery shares. For example, Imperial Tobacco, which had been 6⅜ last week were marked down in the Street market after the Budget to 6 1/16 but recovered on Wednesday to 6 5/32 Brewery shares opened strongly and were unique in maintaining their rise. Bass were particularly strong. As compared with a price of 119*s.* on Monday these shares opened on Wednesday at 121*s* and closed at 122*s.* 6*d.* It was felt that, with the increase in the national income in this rearmament period, the brewing industry would benefit more than most consumption trades. Seeing that the workers in the heavy industries engaged in rearmament work are the main supporters of the heavier type of beer, upon which there is a higher ratio of profits, there may be some justification for the rise in the shares of Bass. Generally speaking, I can see no reason, on the Budget account, for investors to buy any equity shares except possibly the breweries. In the case of tobacco shares, there may be some reason for making an exchange, for I doubt whether the companies can pass on the full increase in tax to the consumer of cigarettes, who now invariably expects 10 for 6*d.* or 20 for 1*s.* That some investors have already been exchanging from tobacco shares to brewery shares is obvious from the yields on leading shares at Wednesday's closing prices.

* * *

Taking a broader view, the real criticism which can fairly be raised against Sir John's budgeting is not that he has spared the tax-payer at the cost of borrowing too much. That "pump-priming" on its present scale will have ultimately an inflationary effect is a virtual certainty; but there are still nearly a million unemployed to re-absorb before we reach conditions of full employment and a scarcity-rise in wages. The Chancellor can legitimately argue that next year will be the time to apply the brake with a deflationary addition to income-tax and N.D.C. What one looks for in vain from Sir John is any indication that he has realised that we have already passed from peace to war conditions, and that, if Britain is to cope successfully with Budgets of £1,300 millions, including nearly £400 millions of loans, capital and industry must be mobilised for Defence purposes. We cannot afford either to let funds drift abroad or to have plant and labour occupied by non-essential demand. Having half-heartedly deprecated the purchase of dollar securities, the Chancellor has now presented a Budget which assumes that business must proceed more or less as usual. It is the assumption of an ostrich.

* * *

The Royal Dutch and Shell Transport and Trading companies surprised the market by declaring dividends last Friday—a month before the due date. It is possible that the Royal Dutch directors were anxious to effect the transfer of the 14 million guilders required for the Royal Dutch dividend before the Germans march into Holland one week-end. As no increase in the petrol tax has been imposed in the Budget, the market believes that these dividends declared on Friday are not actually the final payments. The Royal Dutch directors expressly stated that the payment was a second interim of 8 per cent., making with the earlier interim 14 per cent. There is therefore little doubt that a small final dividend will be declared, for in 1937 the total payment was 17 per cent. The Shell payment of 10 per cent. tax free was not expressly declared to be a further interim and some investors are inclined to regard the total of 17½ per cent. tax free so far paid as all that will be forthcoming. Here are the various yields:—

	Present Price	Gross Dividend Yield %
Shell Transport & Trading	4 ex div.	£5 17 3 on div. of 17½% net
		£6 18 0 on div. of 20% net
Royal Dutch Shares of Fl. 100	33⅝ c.d.	£5 4 3 on div. of, say, 15%
		£5 18 0 on div. of 17%

Fl. at 8.80 to the £.

The question of the final payment will, I think, depend upon Herr Hitler.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

DR. WILLIAMS' ENDOWED SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, DOLGELLEY.

Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress, which will become vacant at the end of the Spring Term, 1940.

Applicants must hold an Honours Degree in Arts or Science of a British University. Boarding school experience is desirable. The salary offered is £750 per annum resident.

The School is recognised by the Board of Education. It was founded in 1875, the endowment dating from 1711. There is accommodation for 200 boarders and 100 day girls.

Applications, together with twenty copies each of not more than three testimonials (to be typewritten or printed) should be sent to the Clerk to the Governors, Dr. Williams' School, Dolgelley, not later than Monday, May 22nd. No special forms of application are supplied.

A LARGE London Building Society requires a Statistician. Preference would be given to a suitable qualified accountant with experience of cost accounts and a knowledge of statistical theory. A University graduate, however, with suitable experience would be considered. Good prospects for one with personality and having the right qualifications. Write stating age, experience and salary required, to Box 4755.

WANTED. Tutor for small group of difficult children. Able to teach usual school subjects. Must be cultured and interested in modern methods. Short hours, small salary. Might suit writer or painter. Box 4786.

SCOTLAND. Situation vacant in farm-house with educated family for refugee or other. Help in house, able to milk (two cows). Wage. Box 4742.

RESEARCH WORKER with knowledge Press Ramifications and Finance required for job taking about two weeks. Write stating experience, Box 4764.

TEMPORARY assistance to complete research required. Shorthand-typing essential. Only small remuneration possible. Seaside. Box 4760.

FORMER Czechoslovak diplomatic official seeks suitable employment. Good linguistic qualifications, especially English. Knowledge of international affairs. Write Box 4798.

SECRETARY (26), organising ability, seeks responsible post. Literary and publishing experience. Box 4762.

SECRETARY (33), highest references and qualifications, willing travel, requires post, preferably literary, professional or organising. Box 4768.

MISTRESS, B.A. Hons. English Oxon, seeks post September, progressive school, London district. Coeducational experience. Box 4703.

DOMESTICATED Spanish woman (British passport) seeks work London. Anxious learn English. Vulliamy, Cauldwell Hall, Ipswich.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPING of MSS., Plays, etc., also Duplications, and Translations, efficient service at lowest prices. Secretarial Staff supplied. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 303 High Holborn. Holborn 9944.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED, 7 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1 (Mayfair 3163-4).

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.)
TYPEWRITING (Theses, Plays, etc.)
SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting
METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

MANUSCRIPTS (various) typewritten promptly, accurately. Moderate charges. French, German. FORSYTH, 92 Highlever Road, W.10.

TYPEWRITING with intelligence, speed, accuracy. Low rates. ELSIE NEWTON, 1 Parton Street, W.C.1. HOLborn 1169.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom), Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

SUNBATHING. At Fouracres in Hertfordshire intelligent people enjoy sunbathing, games, swimming, in pleasant society and surroundings. Particulars from SECRETARY. Box 4363.

NERVOUS DISORDERS: Constructive short treatment without psychoanalysis by well-known London lay therapist and author. Medically and clerically commended. Fees moderate. Consultations by appointment. Write PETER FLETCHER, Box 4612. 'Phone: Mus. 5428.

YOU
can obtain a
DEGREE!

NO matter what your position or prospects, a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without 'going into residence' or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. You can do all your reading for these AT HOME AND IN LEISURE HOURS with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 50 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to graduate, thereby increasing their mental abilities, widening their outlook, and raising their status.

● **WRITE FOR FREE PROSPECTUS** (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology) to the Director of Studies, Dept. VH85,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

SPANISH RELIEF

FOR SALE. A LIPSCHITZ Cubist bronze, entire proceeds to be given to Spanish Refugee Relief Fund. Height about 14in. Apply GUGGENHEIM JEUNE, 30 Cork Street, W.1.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37, Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD FROEBEL TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence, £103 19s. to £110 5s. Fees without residence, £34 13s. per annum. For further information respecting Courses, Bursaries and Residence, apply to the SECRETARY.

THE PROFESSION WITH NO UNEMPLOYMENT
Complete Teacher's Training for Girls
in all Branches of Physical Education,
Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming.
ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.
A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 922 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

SCHOLARSHIP
for
SECRETARIAL TRAINING.
Write or Telephone now for Prospectus.
ARRANGEMENTS TO MOVE IF NECESSARY TO EVACUATION AREA NOW COMPLETED.
DAVIES'S
Sussex House, 1 Holland Park, W.11. Park 9871-4.

ANANDANIKETAN. The International School for the study and practice of Individual Philosophy. Box 4820.

BALLET

AMATEUR BALLET, 7 p.m., Tuesday evenings. 5s. for 5 classes. 9a Chester Square Mews, S.W.1. Sloane 6428. (Victoria Station 2 minutes.)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 665

PERSONAL

GUARANTEE and hospitality urgently needed for two nice, clever, well-educated boys (9 and 13). Parents in despair, must leave Germany shortly. LEWIN, 71 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6. MAI. 7694.

FRENCH by experienced Licenciée (Paris). Ring Euston 2809 between 1 and 2.30 p.m.

GENTLEMAN wants another as companion for mountaineering in Switzerland first fortnight August. Apply Box 4744.

YOUNG non-Aryan German, studying optics (London), requires hospitality; is willing to do work in her spare time. STERN, 34d Belsize Park Gardens.

FRENCH. LEY, 54 Manchester Street, W.1. Wel. 1739. GERMAN. Young, expert teachers. Low fees.

QUAKERISM. Information and literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends, free on application to the FRIENDS HOME SERVICE COMMITTEE, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

SPRING DIETING: begin Self-Healing at once. Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent.

TASTEFUL home with personal care offered one or two children (2 to 12 years), near sea and country. Three years' experience Foster Mother. 25s. weekly. ELAM, 60 The Fairway, Leigh-on-Sea. Eastwood 55149.

YOUNG lady (23) wishes to learn flying, will undertake any scheme. Will any person interested write Box 4772.

AN OPEN-AIR PLAY GROUP for children 2–5 years. Large sunny garden, Swiss Cottage. Mornings, 9–12. Special arrangements for working parents. MRS. MOERAN. Telephone: Primrose 7015.

AUSTRIAN lady doctor, scientist, socialist, in great distress in Vienna, wants guarantee. Box 4793.

TO COUNTRY LOVERS. Help to protect rights of way. Join the Ramblers' Association, which carries out valuable work in this and many other directions. Write for free booklets to SECRETARY, 7 Oxford Chambers, 71 Lord Street, Liverpool.

TAKE this opportunity of visiting the Great Spring Show, Chelsea, open to the public May 17th, 18th and 19th, where you will see JOHN SIMON, the garden designer, exhibiting a town garden. See for yourself what is possible with the aid of correct designing, materials and planting, just what CAN be done with the usual impossible patch.

WANTED. Cook-Housekeeper for school in Bloomsbury. Eight boarders. Cultured mother with child over 3½ who would share school activities free, would be suitable. Comfortable home life. Box 4808.

SIMPLE method assuring regular income at Roulette or Baccara. Price £1 3s. Inquiries, 2s. Servant, Poste Restante, Castellane, Marseille, France.

NUDIST CLUB, RESIDENTIAL; 15 minutes from Marble Arch (Telephone: Gla. 6153). Equipped for table tennis, artificial sunlight, exercises, dancing, darts, etc., hot and cold showers. Write enclosing stamped envelope. SECRETARY, 72 Shoot Up Hill, N.W.2.

LEARN HOW TO INFLUENCE AND INTEREST WHEN YOU SPEAK IN PUBLIC. GLADYS NYREN, L.R.A.M. (Elocution), 162 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. Lessons West End and Hampstead.

"MILD tho' no eulogy can be too strong"
Say smokers—asked opinion of TOM LONG.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND SENSIBLE DIET.
WHY NOT TRY VEGETARIANISM?
Free Literature, including recipes, from
THE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 57 Princess Street, Manchester, 2.

HAVE your children photographed these holidays. 'Phone for your appointment to Welbeck forty-nine fifty, or Temple Bar 1460 if I am out. Letters to ANTHONY PANTING, 5 Paddington Street, will be quickly answered.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING"
Few gramophone users have time to compare all available versions of the particular works they wish to add to their collection. To help them make their choice we issue a booklet, "The Art of Record Buying," which gives the best recording of over 1,000 classical works. Send 2d. in stamps for a free copy. E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LIMITED, 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2. TEM. 7166-7.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8504.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars, post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

LOANS

ADVANCES £50 upwards with or without security. Immediate and Private.
REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, London, W. Tel.: Regent 5983.